THE NATION

JANUARY 21, 1960 . . 25c

FOURTEENTH AMENDMENT, SECTION II:

FORGOTTEN REMEDY FOR THE VOTELESS NEGRO

Thomas I. Emerson and Arthur E. Bonfield

THE LONELY INTELLECTUAL

Loren Baritz

REFERENDUM IN ALGERIA

DEFIANCE OF TERROR

Alexander Werth

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LETTERS

Chessman Aftermath

Dear Sirs: The execution of Caryl Chessman has intensified activity to abolish the death penalty in California. Californians Against State Executions invites the participation and support of your readers. Address correspondence to CASE, 1845 North Curson, Los Angeles 46, Calif. or P.O. Box 4747, San Francisco, Calif.

SID TREATE, Chairman
L. A. Chapter of CASE

Los Angeles, Calif.

Crusade *(Continued)*

Dear Sirs: More than 200 college students, led by the N.Y. Youth Council to Abolish the House Un-American Activities Committee, demonstrated and visited their Congressmen in Washington on Jan. 2. On the opposite side of LaFayette Square, there was a counter-demonstration group which included twenty members of the American Nazi Party, and five pro-segregationist American Patriotic Fighters.

Over that weekend, Congressman James Roosevelt announced he would ask for a Congressional inquiry, with public hearings, into the Un-American Activities Committee's misuse of its inflated funds. Write your Congressman promptly, urging him to support Congressman Roosevelt's proposal and to inform Speaker Sam Rayburn and Congressman Burleson, whose Committee on Administration would conduct the hearings, of this support.

The N.Y. Council to Abolish the House Un-American Activities Committee needs funds. Address your contributions to the Council at 106 East 208th Street, New York 67, or to Robert Kenny, treasurer of the National Council to abolish the HUAC, at 617 Larchmont Boulevard, Los Angeles, California.

AUBREY WILLIAMS
National Chairman, HUAC

Montgomery, Ala.

Postmortem

Dear Sirs: It is Louis H. Bean's thesis ["Why Kennedy Won," Nov. 26] that the United States was divided 50-50 Republican-Democratic, so that Catholic voters in big states gave Mr. Kennedy his narrow victory; thus the net effect of Mr. Kennedy's religion was to help him. As evidence, Mr. Bean presents a table headed, "Democratic Percentage of Popular Vote for Kennedy and Catholic Proportion of Church Membership in Selected States." The table contains a middle column in which the "pluses and minuses . . . represent in percentage points by how much the Democratic [Presidential] vote exceeded or fell behind what one would normally expect when the national vote divides 50-50 as it did this year."

I am very curious to know how Mr. Bean arrived at his percentage of "normal" vote. Only if we assume that Rhode Island is "normally" 47 per cent Democratic in the popular vote when the country divides 50-50 in the popular vote, do we get the interesting result that in a state where Catholics form 78 per cent of Church membership, Mr. Kennedy received 18 *extra* percentage points, winning 65 per cent of the popular vote in that state. Where does Mr. Bean get his figures for what one would "normally" expect in each state when the national popular vote divides 50-50? Is it legitimate to talk about the "normal" Presidential vote in any state without regard to who the candidate is, what the issues are, etc.?

ALISON KNOX

New York City

Dear Sirs: The "normal" Democratic vote for each state is determined by the way each state has voted in the elections of 1920 to 1936 (or to 1948) in relation to the national vote. By this device, it is possible to note by how much each state deviated in 1928 (the Smith campaign) and in 1960 from the "normal" Democratic percentage. These deviations, pluses and minuses, show a very high degree of correlation and indicate a common (though not the only) factor at work. This dominant common factor, I think, was the religious issue.

Since the publication of my article in *The Nation,* Gallup has published its post-election findings, which amply corroborate my interpretation, I think.

LOUIS H. BEAN

Arlington, Va.

Blue Bookishness

Dear Sirs: With reference to Benjamin DeMott's review of *The World of Haldeman-Julius,* in your Dec. 31 issue, it may be true that Haldeman-Julius was a third-rate writer, "flat, vulgar and dull." But anyone who could make Margaret Sanger, Clarence Darrow, Will Durant, Upton Sinclair, Bertrand Russell, Havelock Ellis, Goethe, etc., available to readers for a nickel ought to be congratulated. And as for Haldeman-Julius' admirers, I think they deserve a better break than Mr. DeMott gave them. Even one who has never written a word for *The Reporter, Atlantic Monthly, The Nation, The New Republic, Commentary,* the *Kenyon Review,* the *Evergreen Review, Harper's,* the *Virginia Quarterly,* etc., should be neither patronized nor condemned for having intellectual interests. . . .

T. PETER PARK

Garden City, L.I.

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THE NATION

EDITORIALS

Advice to the President

The International Committee of the National Planning Association has just issued a statement, the tone of which is given by its title: "The National Peril." The statement is one long ululation on the theme that the "very survival of the United States as a free and independent nation is threatened as never before." We find ourselves caught up in "an epic struggle between despotism and freedom." The avowed objective of the Soviet Union is "world dominion." Its power is exercised through "puppet governments answerable to Moscow," while our allies, thank God, stand on their own feet and, like Laos, West Germany, Taiwan, Thailand, Guatemala and a dozen others, are beholden to us for their prosperity, their military strength (such as it is) and the stability of their governments (some of which would be overthrown ten minutes after our aircraft carriers were withdrawn). Yet, as the committee sees it, the Soviets become more intractable.

What to do? The committee's remedies are as timeworn as its premises. We must be strong, stronger, strongest. We must so conduct ourselves that finally the Soviet leaders will be convinced that "any further attempts to penetrate the frontiers of freedom are far too risky from the point of view of their own self-interest." To that end we must harden and disperse our strategic bases, strengthen our nuclear forces, speed up the Minuteman missile program, speed up the anti-missile missile program, construct more Polaris nuclear submarines, place more of SAC on airborne alert, etc. "And so," the tocsin concludes, "with all humility, we suggest to the incoming President of the United States that he tell the country the stark, unvarnished truth about the national emergency in which we find ourselves." Only when these warlike preparations have been brought to their culmination and the Presidential loins girded, shall we be able to negotiate fruitfully with the implacable foe.

With its usual treachery, the Soviet government is not cooperating with the National Planning Association. It may be hellbent on our destruction, but the image it presents to the world is not nearly as warlike as our own. A sampling of current headlines in American newspapers, not usually considered soft on the Kremlin, tells the story as it may be seen in Delhi or Accra or Cairo: James Reston's recent column, "New Kremlin Overtures"; William H. Stringer in *The Christian Science Monitor*, "The Menshikov Overture"; William J. Jorden in *The New York Times*, "Soviet Indicates a Desire to Avoid War Over Laos"; Associated Press, "Soviets to Free Two U.S. Airmen?" And so on.

Of course, anyone who suggests that the Soviets may genuinely want peace becomes *ipso facto* a dupe of Moscow. If he suggests further that the empire builders in the Pentagon, and their allies and beneficiaries in the business community, are engaged in making foreign policy for their own advantage, he is not only a dupe but a spreader of doctrine which borders on the subversive. Well, having taken the risk before, *The Nation* is willing to keep on taking it. As *The Nation* sees it, the United States, under Truman and under Eisenhower, has adhered to the hard line and experienced nothing but humiliation abroad and confusion at home. There must be something wrong with a policy that so consistently brings in its wake diplomatic reverses and the ever increasing likelihood of disaster. *The Nation* does not urge President Kennedy to be soft: it does urge him to be sensible. Sixteen years of folly is quite enough.

Nothing to Fear?

The notion that this country is planning an actual armed invasion of Cuba is, by common assumption, "preposterous." Why, then, does Castro insist that an invasion is imminent? Why does he keep the Cubans on a round-the-clock alert? Castro himself points the

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finger at Washington; he would make a better case if he pointed at Miami.

In a series of articles, entitled "Countdown for Castro," in the New York *Daily News*, Joseph Martin and Phil Santora report on the activities of seventy or more Cuban refugee groups in Miami who are busily recruiting, training and plotting to topple the Castro regime. Fighter pilots, most of them defectors from Castro's Air Force, are recruited locally and flown to a mysterious air base in Guatemala, "twenty-three miles from the Mexican border," to which a dozen B-26 light bombers were recently delivered. Messrs. Martin and Santora were shown various arms caches in Miami. They report that large shipments of dynamite, gelignite, rifles, machine guns and hand grenades have been smuggled into Cuba from Central American ports. They describe successful sabotage missions staged from Miami. Some of the refugee organizations, they report, are financed by Americans and Cubans whose properties were confiscated by the Castro regime. The backers count on the F.R.D. — *Frente Revolucionario Democratico* — to provide the "Occupation Army" once the Castro regime is overthrown. The F.R.D. is said to have "fistfuls" of money, although its "leader" — Dr. Manuel A. de Varona — is more popular with his sponsors than with the rank-and-file of the refugees. Recruiting activities are being conducted in a dozen Central and South American countries and in as many American cities. Within a hundred feet of a main intersection in downtown Miami, with police prowl cars making regular rounds, exuberant refugees toss their rifles in the air and boast that the next stop will be Pinar del Rio, and then Havana.

Against this background, front-page headlines in *The New York Times* (January 10, 1961) inform Castro that: "U.S. Helps Train an Anti-Castro Force at Secret Guatemalan Air-Ground Base" (*The Nation* broke the story on November 19). Castro is certainly aware that the aircraft carrier *Franklin D. Roosevelt* recently sailed into Guantanamo Bay "on a refresher training mission long planned." His press officer has doubtless informed him that State Department spokesmen, when queried about the Guatemalan air base, refer their questioners to "those spooks at the C.I.A." No doubt, too, his press officer has called Castro's attention to a speech by Spruille Braden (January 2) in which the former U.S. Ambassador to Cuba and former Assistant Secretary of State for Latin American Affairs, said that this country must fight, if necessary, "to throw the Communists out of Cuba."

We should, according to Mr. Braden, first tell the O.A.S. to do something about Cuba, or we "will be forced to unilateral action." The first step should be to break off relations, then recognize a responsible Cuban government-in-exile, give this government arms and money, invoke a "pacific" blockade of Cuba "to take care of trading with Communist nations" and continue "guidance" of the new regime after the "Communists" are "driven out of Cuba." If speedily carried out, such a program, in Mr. Braden's view, would spare the Cubans "a horrible blood bath." No doubt, also, Castro has pondered the significance of recent American military activities in Southeast Asia, and it must have occurred to him that Cuba is much more important to American interests than Laos.

So why, given all these signs and omens, is Castro so nervous? Doesn't this silly man know that the sugarcane harvest needs attention? Aren't there some psychiatrists in Havana who might calm his volatile militia men and militia ladies? Who are they afraid of, "spooks" or what?

Call Me Mister

In *The New York Times* of January 9, Jack Raymond attributes the rather modest successes of the Laotian government in battle against the pro-Communist Pathet Lao forces to "effective training by a special United States unit headed by a colorful West Pointer nicknamed 'the Prussian'" because he was born in Coblenz, Germany, in 1912. The colorful West Pointer's real name is John Arnold Heintges and until 1959 he was a Brigadier General in the United States Army, a grade to which he rose in World War II, wherein he served with distinction in the Third Infantry Division. From 1936, the year of his graduation from West Point, through 1958, his name was listed in the official Army Register. In August, 1958, he was ordered to report to the Eighth Army in Seoul, Korea, the following January and then, as far as the Register and the Pentagon were concerned, he became what George Orwell called a "non-person." But while he may no longer exist in Washington, in Vientiane he is a familiar figure. Surrounded by other tough-looking gentlemen, many of whom bear tattoos on their forearms commemorating their service in the Third Division, he has been teaching the Laotians to slaughter one another in the Western manner. The Pentagon, insofar as it is willing to talk about him at all, maintains that he and his detachment are "civilian technicians": one evidence of this is that his men call him "Mister."

Why is the Pentagon so secretive? Is it confusing itself with the Central Intelligence Agency? On June 15, 1959, the Committee on Government Operations of the House of Representatives, the Hon. William L. Dawson, Chairman, transmitted to the Hon. Sam Rayburn, Speaker, the committee's 7th report to the 86th Congress, entitled "U.S. Aid Operations in Laos." And on the same day the Committee of the Whole House on the State of the Union ordered the said report to be

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printed for all the world to see. Probably the Pentagon has a copy in its files and if it will designate an officer who can read to examine and abstract this document, it will find, among other useful bits of information, that Laos is "the only country in the world where the United States supports the military budget 100 per cent" (page 8), to the tune of about $300,000,000 since 1954. The least the Pentagon could do was to oversee the expenditure of this fairly impressive sum by the presence of Mr. Heintges and his fellow American civilians.

Although thus cruelly disowned by the Pentagon, it is to be hoped that Mr. Heintges is sending back some pertinent advice to his former comrades-in-arms. "Laos," writes Brig. Gen. (not Mister) Thomas R. Phillips, U.S.A. (Ret.), in the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch*, "is nearly an insuperable problem for modern war in any form," while in the New York *Journal-American*, General Mark Clark is quoted as saying that a Laotian campaign would be "green hell for the soldiers and a nightmare for supply officers." The late John Foster Dulles got us in there; perhaps Mr. Heintges can help get us out.

Free Enterprise

General Electric, Westinghouse, Allis Chalmers and sixteen other electrical manufacturers have pleaded guilty to federal charges of price-rigging. One protean company officer who took the rap — F. F. Loock, president, general manager and sales manager of Allen-Bradley Co. — is quoted in *The Wall Street Journal* in exculpation: "No one attending the gatherings [in the electrical-controls industry] was so stupid he didn't know [the meetings] were in violation of the law. But it is the only way a business can be run. It is free enterprise."

This version of free enterprise is run in some very pleasant hangouts. A favorite gathering place was one or another hunting lodge maintained by the defendant companies for the relaxation of their officers. They also met in hotels, none of which were fleabags. Perhaps they met in some of the restaurants recommended by *Business Week* (Jan. 7) as fit for the executive who has arrived or is arriving. A few of these are listed here for the benefit of *Nation* readers. In Los Angeles, try the *Cave des Roys* key club, with plush French décor — ask a member friend to get you a guest card. In Chicago, there is *Portal, Ltd.*, also a key club and with only fourteen tables. The *Sahara* in Cleveland features girls in Egyptian harem costumes. There is no guarantee that you will see big corporate officials conspiring to rig prices at any of these joints, but they are good places at which to use your credit card.

As price-fixing perturbs the Department of Justice, so the credit card perturbs the Treasury. Dana Latham, Commissioner of Internal Revenue, warns that the nation's tax system can't survive expense-account chiseling. The trouble is that at a certain level of corporate eminence expense accounts are regarded as a legitimate fringe benefit, so nobody questions them. The executive may not only entertain himself and his friends at the company's (and the government's) expense, but he can, if he chooses, slip in a fur coat for his wife or girl friend and no one will be the wiser. A government auditor must trace the expenditure back through the company books, where it is itemized, if at all, as something else, and the government must prove that the item was not a legitimate business expense.

As they say in the Army, rank has its privileges, and corporate rank is the most privileged of all. Commissioner Latham points out that a remedy exists, if the Congress cares to apply it. Last June, the Senate passed a bill providing that no tax deduction would be allowed for business entertainment, gifts of over $10 per person per year, or dues or initiation fees in social, athletic or sporting clubs. If such a bill should become law, corporate executives could still rig prices until the Department of Justice catches up with them (which takes quite a while), but they could not simultaneously compel the rest of us to pick up the tab for their price-rigging junkets and excursions. Conspirators can hardly expect the public to pay their hotel bills while they are plotting conspiracies against the public interest.

Welcome, IDA

For the benefit of those ignorant of modern governmental processes, IDA stands for the Institute for Defense Analyses, an association of universities set up to help the government solve national security problems. According to a special to *The New York Times* from Chicago, IDA "is institutionalizing the role of the university scientists who divide their time between secret government projects and their campuses." The dispatch came from Chicago because, to the ringing of church bells, the University of Chicago had just become the ninth IDA member. Others are M.I.T., Columbia, Stanford and other venerable institutions of learning.

IDA, it appears, functions much like the RAND Corporation, the think-factory of the Air Force, but on a wider scale: it will serve the Army, Navy and Marines as well as the Air Force (should the last-named not receive sufficient thought-fodder from RAND). IDA is even more impressively speckled with big names than RAND, who may well become jealous when he (RAND sounds masculine) discovers that IDA's chairman is Dr. James R. Killian, Jr.; its president is Garrison Norton, a former Assistant Secretary of the Navy,

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and Laurence S. Rockefeller and Grayson Kirk are numbered among its trustees.

IDA — still according to the *Times* — "operates in a gray area between the government and campus, at times paying the salaries of scientists who are working in government offices. It is flexible. It can cut red tape. It can avoid cumbersome civil service rules and salary schedules. In short, it makes it possible for the government to get the services of experts who might be reluctant to leave the academic atmosphere for full-time government employ." And, although the *Times* does not mention this angle, IDA might help to avoid conficts-of-interest problems.

As an example of the kind of work IDA does, *The Daily Collegian*, a newspaper dedicated to the betterment of Penn State, reveals that this university, a member of IDA, has just assumed responsibility for the management of an anti-submarine warfare research center at La Spezia, Italy, in conjunction with NATO. An accompanying picture shows a Hollywood-style building against a background of wooded hills rising from the Ligurian Sea. It must be pleasant to "study the underwater universe," as *The Daily Collegian* puts it, far from the dirty slush and snowdrifts of Pennsylvania. IDA will be deservedly popular among the science and engineering faculties and the public will appreciate, as a by-product, the uplift which the returning scholars will give to the arts and humanities.

CITIES IN A VISE . . *by Edward Higbee*

A HOWL from City Hall is about to be heard in the White House. The new President has promised to let America's big-city mayors tell him their troubles. They have waited so long for a sympathetic ear in Washington that, if they all let off their gripes in unison, Mr. Kennedy may become prematurely deaf. Today New York City's annual budget is greater than that of the entire federal government in 1932, yet even this sum—$2.3 billion—is not enough to provide the kind of civic environment that can stem the exodus to suburbia of the amenity-starved, service-cheated middle class.

Other big cities are in a similar fix. Municipal taxes are up but municipal quality is down. Responsible young fathers and mothers have only one opportunity to raise their young in health and safety and to put them in good schools; the brief years of childhood will not wait on procrastinating bureaucrats. If the cities cannot offer a suitable environment now, the instinct of parents who can afford it is to get out while their children are still children.

The influx of formerly rural Negroes, poor whites and Puerto Ricans, who crowd urban living quarters to save on rent, creates slums out of economic necessity faster than renewal projects can tear them down. New York, with more federal-aided urban reconstruction than all other big cities put together, has renovated 227 acres of slums. It has plans to reclaim an additional 905 acres during the next decade, but already there is a backlog of more than 7,000 acres of slum properties. Slum clearance is actually slum shifting. Since the displaced tenants usually cannot afford new housing, they go elsewhere and resume people-packing. According to *The New York Times*, one million of New York's eight millions live in slums which grow faster than they can be demolished. About 70 per cent of New York City's welfare budget is expended upon nonwhites who make up 12 per cent of its total population. The Empire City now spends about $50 million annually on "mainly remedial" programs for its Puerto Ricans—more than it spent on parks, libraries, zoos and museums in 1959.

The big city, while losing out as a residence for those who can afford good living, has had the nation's welfare load dumped on its hospitality. The 1960 budget for Washington, D.C., allotted 26 per cent of all funds to public health, hospitalization and welfare as compared with 24 per cent for education. The average expenditure of surrounding suburban counties in Maryland and Virginia is more than twice the capital's rate for education, only a fraction of its rate for welfare. Suburban dwellers generally pay their own way, so taxes go chiefly into community improvements.

LANDOWNERS are too frequently blamed for slum conditions, but in reality the city sets the stage and writes the script by placing the burden of its support upon real property. Assessments against property account for about 73 per cent of all revenues collected by cities. Under such pressure, every effort is made by harassed landowners to increase revenues. In desperation, proprietors of older structures permit overcrowding and skimp on upkeep. The appearance and function of the city are thus badly damaged. It seems to be forgotten that American cities reached their prime in beauty and function before the federal income tax became confiscatory and municipal property taxes put a curb on sensible planning.

Today a real-estate investor who would contribute to the charm of his city by embellishing buildings—even in token fashion—with landscaped gardens, lawns and playgrounds does so at his own peril. The reward is tax assessment on that adornment and open space without compensating income. As long as the big city is charged with the chief responsibility for human renewal, while the

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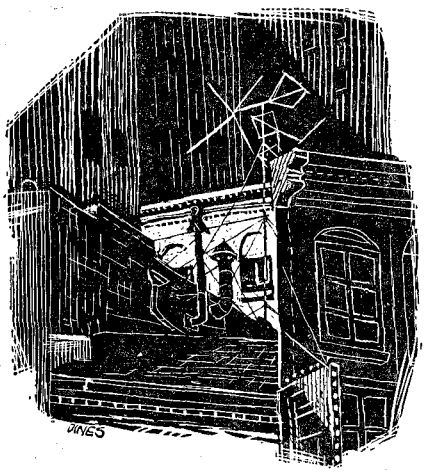
federal government escapes with token payments for prettying up a few acres of worn-out real estate, urban decadence will continue.

The National Planning Association proposes that if serious trouble is to be avoided there should be far-reaching changes in the allocations of federal funds to local communities. As the Association sees the picture, the federal government during recent years has quietly eased itself out of major responsibilities for public services, unloading these former obligations onto states and local communities less able than ever to foot the bills. As an example, in 1959 the federal treasury spent $8.1 billion on non-defense goods and services for the general population, while the combined expenditures of states and local governments were $43.3 billion. Back in 1948, the ratio for the same goods and services was $12.8 billion of federal funds to $22.6 billion of state and local government funds. Thus Washington, which now collects more revenue than it did in 1948, bears less than one-sixth the cost of public goods and services. A little more than a decade ago, it shouldered more than one-third.

IN 1959, the federal government spent more money to stabilize farm income than it spent on all aids to public health, welfare, education, highways, the Post Office, urban renewal, public housing, national parks and the management of forests and wild life. Obviously, there was shown less solicitude for the displaced person who had been shoved off the farm by a technological revolution than for the successful agriculturist who was able to survive it. In reviewing a recent annual budget request by the federal Department of Agriculture, Senator Styles Bridges discovered that it amounted to an average of $1,000 per farm. According to Thomas R. Reid, civic-affairs director of the Ford Motor Company and vice president of the American Council to Improve Our Neighborhoods, there are a million more slum dwellers than farm dwellers, yet the allocation of federal expenditures is only $84 per urban slum family.

The problem of how to make cities fiscally sound can probably be solved if the new Administration listens to the unhappy mayors with more than perfunctory courtesy.

While their attention has been focused on the welfare business because of the human agony involved, America's biggest cities have let themselves be physically outflanked by a proliferation of exurbanite suburbs. Open land has disappeared just where it is needed most — where roads should now be built, factories



constructed and parks and playgrounds established to keep up with population increases. The sprawl of suburbia has smothered the central city without leaving enough expansion joints. The old-time design of compact vertical cities surrounded by open farm land is obsolete in the more densely populated sections of the nation. The overflow of a thin horizontal suburbia has gobbled up land so rapidly and so widely that whole metropolitan areas are threatened with a kind of environmental *rigor mortis*.

THE physical coalescence of cities and suburbs into vast metropolitan agglomerations is well advanced along the Atlantic Coast between Boston and Washington. It is becoming apparent on the shores of Lake Erie between the outliers of Detroit and the fringes of Buffalo. The trend is similar between Chicago and Milwaukee and between Los Angeles and San Diego. These examples of urban sprawl foretell the future for about 200 metropolitan areas all over the United States. It is only a matter of time, human multiplication and civic ineptitude. While growth may be commercially desirable, the haphazard, indifferent manner in which the squeeze on space has been allowed to develop is inexcusable. It might be easier to plan parenthood than to plan communities; we have elected the harder way.

The new dispersed pattern of human settlement has created fantastic transportation problems. More people have to move more often over greater distances in more directions than there is space for roads or money to build them. To blast new routes through older parts of cities to recover space may cost up to $33 million per mile. Philadelphia, like many other cities, tried the impossible before it saw the light. Said Mayor Richardson Dilworth when the Quaker City finally decided to subsidize railroad commuter service: "I feel that the people would return to public transit if we gave them a clean ride at a reasonable rate. We just cannot give them the highways it would take to carry everyone to and from center city every day. We cannot afford it and we don't have the space." One of the things that makes railroad commuting less attractive today than before subdivisions were scattered in all directions over the countryside, is that usually it takes an automobile just to get to a suburban railroad station. The circular pattern of suburban geometry does not coincide with the linear pattern of old railway routes.

SOME agricultural economists are alarmed by the way suburbanization consumes a million acres of farm land annually while, in the same interval of time, three million more consumers sit down at the nation's dinner table. These technicians say we cannot have human addition and land subtraction indefinitely or food surpluses will turn to food shortages. They urge farmers on the urban fringe to erect political barbed wire and zone themselves against suburban encroachment. It is hope in a dream world. The best soil never yielded so lush a harvest as the tempting offers of a real-estate speculator. When Washington, D.C.'s, satellite county of Fairfax, Virginia, sought to force farmers into a kind

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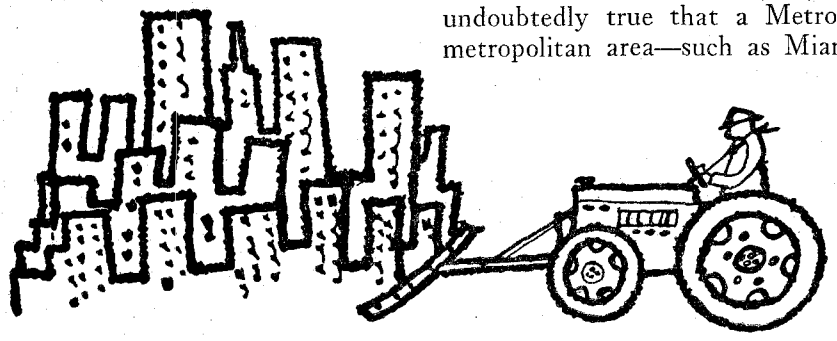
of rural zoning by raising minimum house-lot size to two acres, the farmers went to court and had the restriction invalidated.

The loss of farm lands on the metropolitan fringe, far from being the farmer's problem, is actually the city's problem. To the growing urbanized area, the farm land around it is the most valuable of all potential assets. When it is gone, the settlements which once were separated by open country will be fused. America has plenty of space—but not where it is needed most. Space to the growing community is not just another marketable commodity that can be acquired and moved by the carload. Space is the one precious, absolutely limited, fixed, irreplaceable and non-transferable element of the habitat. It is the whole cloth out of which the future format of community life must be tailored. How this cloth is cut will determine if the future metropolitan area will appear in rags or high fashion. Political failures can be removed by elections, but failures in community planning remain to penalize forever.

NEW YORK'S Mayor Robert F. Wagner recently advised Congress that local governments have neither the facilities nor the power to solve many of the new problems caused by population growth. It is a common fact, observable in all sections of the nation, that while private fortunes pyramid in the course of urban renewal and suburban sprawl, the public's debts and taxes climb and the quality of community real estate, in the form of roads, streets, schools and parks, deteriorates. While some of the keenest minds in America plan the development and direct the use of private real estate, the far more complex public job of integrating these separate developments into functional communities is left to bureaucrats and politicians who, too often, are amateur hacks at the serious business of managing property and organizing space. There is a vast need for serious preventive engineering which would do for the sick community what preventive medicine can do to safeguard human health.

While engineers can be trained to blueprint the course of space allocation as a metropolis expands, their ability will be wasted if the metropolitan areas where they work do not achieve political coordination and acquire real control of space. Ever since the physical city began to spill over its own jurisdictional boundary into the open land of adjoining towns, counties and states, there has been no coordinated authority to guide or regulate growth, zone the land or rationally distribute roads, water, sewers and other public services. Anarchy has reigned where there has been the greatest need for central control. The Boston metropolitan area has 112 political bodies operating on the local level. Metropolitan Chicago has 945 governing units with rights to collect taxes or sell bonds and to do things for or to people; Philadelphia has 705 and New York 1,074. Today's physically built-up metropolitan areas not only spread over the boundaries of many cities and towns, but they extend over county borders and state frontiers. Nevertheless, the geographic fusion remains unmatched by political fusion. Thus far only Dade County in Florida has a unified metropolitan government which includes Miami and twenty-five other towns and villages.

While area-wide political jurisdiction is desirable, it would be folly to think that just a new brand of government could completely change old habits of land utilization. It is undoubtedly true that a Metro—a metropolitan area—such as Miami's could institute efficiencies and could plan and zone for a total region in a coordinated way. But the problem which stumps governments, and would stump Metro, is lack of real control over the use of space within the community. This power is positively necessary in order to cope with the intricate task of wisely locating people, industry, transportation arteries, commercial centers, recreational areas, water reservoirs, schools and all the other physical entities that make up a modern metropolis. Today there are too many people expanding too rapidly over limited metropolitan space to continue the *laissez-faire* practices of pioneer times when people were scarce and space seemed endless.



METRO, to save its own neck, will have to go into the real estate business—not to make money, or even to save money. Metro will have to become a landholder, a land planner and a land dispenser for the most vital reason of all—to assure itself of the proper organization of space. Let us assume—and this is not at all a preposterous assumption—that in the next century all two hundred of America's metropolitan areas quadruple in population. The chances are they will more than quadruple in size, since suburban sprawl absorbs more room per capita than urban concentration. What will those new massive agglomerations of people look like? Realistically, unless the preventive engineer, who designs so as to avoid trouble, takes over from the surgical engineer, who knows only how to use the scalpel, the whole community will be fit for the psychiatric ward and the pawn shop.

It would be unconstitutional for a metropolitan community to survey the outlying farms on its rim and, arbitrarily, grant one landowner the right to construct apartment houses and to tell another that, according to plan, his place is to become a public park. This would be equivalent to handing one man a chance for fabulous profit while skinning the other alive. The only equitable way in which a metropolis could plan its growth fairly would be to buy all the space it will need for all purposes for years to come. It should buy this land at the prevailing

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market price and put it into its own space bank. Only then might its preventive engineers set about to plan in detail how that space should be used as the community grows. Their sole criteria should be the capabilities of the land and the diverse needs of the community. Whatever lands are not needed for public purposes should then be sold to private developers with restrictions in the deeds that would assure future use according to a functional community design. Sales income should be returned to the space bank.

A federal government which can afford a multi-billion-dollar giveaway to put agricultural land in a soil bank should at least be able to loan capital to municipalities for a space bank that would assure them of control over their most vital physical ingredient. Of course, the present capital-gains tax on real estate, which is really the product of local community growth, ought not to go into the federal treasury at all, but to the communities to help them purchase lands from their own space banks for public uses. With future space thus held in a sort of safe-deposit vault, a metropolis would presumably make withdrawals only for use according to the instructions of its preventive engineers, whose job it would be to know exactly where and how much should be allocated for every civic purpose, both public and private. In this way it should be possible to expand without congestion and to create an environment of both beauty and utility.

If municipalities cannot devise a way to organize community space as effectively as private enterprise is able to organize private space, then it may very well be up to large investment syndicates to do a better job. Such syndicates could acquire vast quantities of land that have the potential of becoming viable communities. They could engineer the development of this space in such fashion that it would not ever become obsolete, but would enhance in value with the passage of time. Sterling Forest, a twenty-seven-square-mile tract forty miles up the Hudson River from Manhattan, is a forerunner of this kind of community on the East Coast. There the City Investing Company is creating three residential suburbs, an eighty-acre shopping mart, scores of manicured industrial-research centers and 5,000 acres of private parks that are threaded with natural lakes and spring-fed brooks. A more beautiful site could not be imagined and plans assure that this beauty will be preserved forever while thousands of people are accommodated.

On the West Coast, Stanford University has undertaken a similar commercial development of 9,000 acres near Palo Alto and within commuting distance of San Francisco. Neither Stanford nor Sterling Forest sells land. They grant only long-term leases to builders who meet exacting specifications. By retaining a permanent interest in their properties, the developers retain a permanent interest in quality. The day very well may come when people will prefer to set up housekeeping and business in well-organized towns built by investment syndicates rather than in poorly managed, space-cramped public communities.

GAMES OF LIFE AND DEATH . . *by John G. Kemeny*

SCIENCE BEGAN when Man decided to observe Nature systematically and to discover the laws of her behavior. For many centuries this meant that Man had to go to Nature and be a passive observer of her activities. But eventually Man decided to bring Nature indoors, where he could observe her at his own convenience. Thus was the first laboratory created.

At first the purpose of a laboratory was to reproduce some phenomenon of Nature exactly as it occurred normally. This was usually expensive and extremely slow. So the scientist turned to models which, he had reason to believe, would imitate the original. He isolated simple features of Nature. He reproduced large-scale phenomena on small scale, and very small-scale phenomena on reasonably large scale. He replaced mechanical systems by electric-circuit analogues, and electric circuits by mechanical analogues. The possibilities along this line are limitless, and most laboratories will for some time continue to be of the *anologue* kind. However, this procedure requires new equipment for each new and different type of problem.

Today, large electronic computers provide a lazy man's dream laboratory. He does not have to go into the wide world and strain his eyes or get his hands dirty observing nature. He does not have to construct laboratory equipment patiently and painfully, and he does not even have to follow the path of a mathematical theoretician. He simply buys a giant brain for a few million dollars, or persuades his employer or government to provide one, and he is ready to experiment in far-reaching fields for science, industry or government.

THE key to success here is *simulation*. The computing machine is told in general terms how a certain phenomenon takes place in nature, and then it is programmed to run through this type of activity a few million times under varying circumstances, to observe itself and to give a simple summary of what has happened. We hope that soon we will also be able to program the giant brain to formulate hypotheses, to test them and to inform us of the best theory fitting all the circumstances. The day cannot be too far off when leading scientific journals will accept papers written

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by giant brains of the non-human kind.

The easiest way to explain simulation is by example. A group at Dartmouth College was interested in whether there is any basis in baseball for the way a manager arranges his batting order. The data here is very simple. We are given a team of nine men (an ex-Brooklyn fan had selected the 1952 World Champion Dodgers for the purpose). We informed the machine of each player's batting percentage, as well as the frequency with which he gets walks, extra base hits and home runs, and how likely he is to hit into a double-play. We then asked the machine to arrange the batters in a certain order and play through the 154 games of a regular season, computing how many runs the team scores in a typical season. We then tried other batting orders, looking for the best one.

The results* showed definitely that batting line-ups are important. The difference between the best and worst batting order can average one run per five games — quite enough, over a year, to make the difference between winning and losing a pennant. In this instance, the best batting order was found to be the one that was actually used in the World Series. Small differences in line-ups, the computer showed, are not nearly as significant as some managers seem to feel. The batting order has to be changed drastically before a statistically significant change in run-making power occurs.

Of course, none of this comes as a surprise to an experienced manager. However, we reached our conclusions via a computing machine — not a particularly large one, either — in a day's computation; it takes a manager many years of experience to acquire these bits of baseball lore. Herein lies the advantage of simulation.

In one of the re-created seasons, we kept a careful record of individual performances. Hodges hit forty home runs, Robinson led with a batting average of .344, Campanella hit three home runs in one game and Furillo had five hits in another. In one game, all nine players hit safely; another was a one-hitter pitched against the Dodgers. In one fabulous game the Brooklyns scored nineteen runs! In short, it was a quite typical Dodger season.

Many of the numbers corresponded very closely to those of the 1952 season. For example, the team batted .260, as compared with .262 in reality; and they hit 152 home runs on the machine, while hitting 153 in reality. Other statistics varied more— as they would from season to season.

It is particularly interesting to note hitting streaks and slumps. Cox had a seventeen-game hitting streak. When this happens in an actual season, commentators describe the batter as being in a "hot streak." Such a streak can be accounted for by statistical fluctuations; other, longer ones, such as Joe DiMaggio's famous streak, must have involved some psychological elements. It is worth noting, in this connection, that the longest hitting slump recorded by our computer was a six-game one by Campanella. Longer slumps, quite common in baseball, probably also involve psychological factors.

Is there any value in electronic simulation if we are unable to reproduce psychological factors? At the very least, the technique helps us to determine what effects may be ascribed to psychological rather than statistical causes. Moreover, we are able to make allowance for some psychological factors, once we understand them. For example, if we know that a certain batter is in a batting slump, we can easily program the machine to reduce the probability of a hit. Or again, if the player is a good clutch-hitter, we can tell the machine to increase his probabilities of hitting whenever there is a man on base. The more our programmer knows about baseball, the more realistic a baseball game he can construct.

THE TWO major uses of Man's new laboratory are for planning and for training. We used it at Dartmouth as a planning device, to determine the ideal batting order for a given team. However, one can visualize a school for baseball managers in which the machine plays full nine-inning games between two opposing teams, indicating on a screen what happens at each stage. The opposing managers could interfere at any point, changing pitchers, sending in pinch hitters, putting on hit-and-run signs, etc. They could acquire a whole season's managerial experience in about a week, and at the same time receive an impartial evaluation of how good they are as managers.

How can a simulated baseball game resemble a real game, when no two real games are ever exactly alike? The answer is that no two games simulated by the machine are exactly alike, either. Electronic computers are perfectly capable of simulating statistical procedures in which it is not determined how a given batter performs at a given moment; the machine is guided simply by the laws of probability and by the player's known batting average. When the batter's turn comes up, the machine generates what is technically known as a "random number"; the size of this number determines the outcome. If a given batter has a 30 per cent chance of hitting, a 10 per cent chance of getting a walk and a 60 per cent chance of being out, then the machine generates a random between 0 and 10. If the number is between 0 and 3, the batter is awarded a hit; if it is between 3 and 4, he walks; if it is between 4 and 10, he is out. The technique reproduces the statistical features of the game with remarkable realism.

A MAJOR use of the simulation laboratory in recent years has been the training of businessmen. Experts in a certain area of business, for example, in the stock market, program a computing machine to simulate the behavior of the market. When the budding young tycoons assemble around the machine, they buy and sell stocks; they may play through a five-year business cycle in a single day. The machine produces the price fluctuations, and in the end some of the players will be rich, some will be broke — and all will be wiser for the experience. Of course there are dangers that the designers of the training model will build their own

*The hard work was done by George Cooke, a sophomore research assistant at the Dartmouth Computation Center.

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prejudices into the situation. However, the impact of five years of experience in a single day, even if the model is far from perfect, is incomparably more valuable than the tedium of having to read the financial page daily for some 1,500 days.

Similar procedures are applicable to the scheduling of production in a large company. The same model can be used equally well for planning purposes, and has been so employed by large industries. The chances are that a group of computer experts can, by trial and error and the application of some mathematical ingenuity, arrive at a production plan far better than one devised by the most experienced collection of vice presidents. This does not mean that experience will be useless in the age of automation; it does mean that experience combined with the use of giant electronic brains will be more useful than experience combined with the miniature natural brains most of us have available.

Planning bodies have not yet awakened to the possibilities of planning by simulation. For example, the way traffic lights are controlled in a large city is a haphazard affair. The mathematical problems involved in "optimizing" the setting of lights are beyond our present capabilities, and are certainly not solved by the people who usually plan these matters. It would seem economical and efficient to expedite things by the use of giant brains. Let the traffic commissioner's favorite plan be programmed on a computing machine, let several thousand programmed cars loose in the city, and let us see how long it takes them on the average to reach their destination. Then let us try other programs, making minor adjustments here and there, until the flow of traffic is improved 100 per cent. This is not too different from present-day planning, which is also by trial and error, except that actual cars with actual drivers are used over periods of years. Switching to the simulated laboratory would speed up planning at less cost to drivers' nerves.

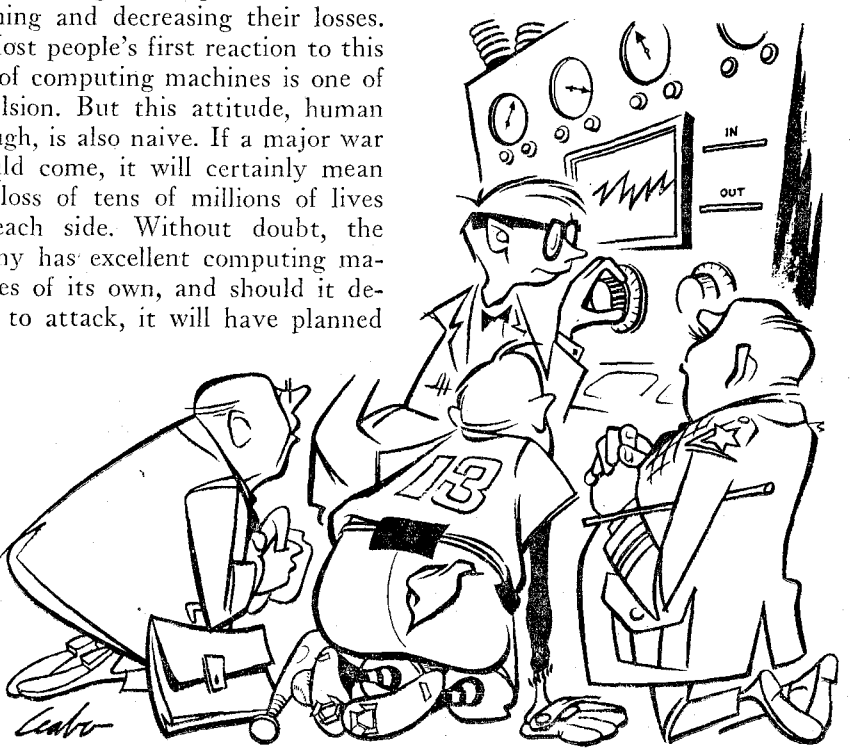
THE MOST interesting, and perhaps most frightening, use of Man's newest laboratory is in the so-called "war games." A group of military and civilian experts feed to the computing machine the best available data on the military capabilities of two opposing countries. Let us say these countries are the United States and Switzerland (one must be careful not to violate security regulations). Opposing general staffs lay out careful battle plans, and then a war is carried out. The machine traces the path of each major military unit, decides the results of combats by random devices (e.g., a plane of type A has probability 75 per cent of destroying a plane of type B), and then carries the surviving units on to the next battle, according to the general staff's plans. At the end of the game the results are announced in terms of how many millions of people were killed on each side, and what fraction of the military potential of each nation was destroyed.

Of course, the same war has to be played through many times according to the same strategic plans, since chance variations may make the difference between victory and defeat. Thus the conclusion may be that the United States wins this war (the victory probability may turn out to be 68 per cent) at an average cost of 41,000,000 lives. Then the opposing general staffs can try to improve the battle plans with the aim of increasing their probabilities of winning and decreasing their losses.

Most people's first reaction to this use of computing machines is one of revulsion. But this attitude, human enough, is also naive. If a major war should come, it will certainly mean the loss of tens of millions of lives to each side. Without doubt, the enemy has excellent computing machines of its own, and should it decide to attack, it will have planned its strategy with great ruthlessness and efficiency. The United States has decided that the best deterrent to war is to be thoroughly prepared for reprisal. In the age of atomic warfare thorough preparation means more than simply the availability of a great deal of war materiel. The stupidity of commanding generals has cost countries all over the world tens of thousands of lives in battles throughout history. In the next war, the inefficiency of a commanding general might cost millions.

Modern war has become too complex to be entrusted to the intuition of even the most experienced military commander. Only our giant brains can calculate all the possibilities. As long as the world is insane enough to contemplate a nuclear war, the war had better be well planned. Perhaps the best way to avoid war is to make sure that, every time our opponent simulates the war on his computer, the answer shows that the United States has the overwhelming probability of winning.

A DIFFERENT type of activity, also known as a war game, has long been used for the training of military leaders. Simulated battles are actually carried out in various types of maneuvers, giving commanders experience in the field. These maneuvers are expensive, both in money



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and in time, and at best they give a military commander a single "war" experience in any given year.

Simulation laboratories should become required equipment for all officers' training schools. Prospective commanders should have varied experience in directing battles under circumstances far more realistic than those afforded by field maneuvers. They could acquire the experience of a hundred major wars before graduating from OCS. This type of laboratory work would seem to be much more valuable in the age of nuclear warfare than the marching drills now required of ROTC students.

I have a further suggestion. One of the major deterrents to agreement on complete disarmament is national pride and a long tradition of belief in the glory of war. Neither need be given up even if all destructive armaments are turned over to international control. Let us agree to continue to produce armaments of the most destructive kind — on paper.

All of this information can then be fed to great simulation laboratories at the United Nations. Whenever the international scene gets too tense, let one side "attack" the other, notifying the Security Council of what attack plan it is using. The defending side, duly informed, must immediately submit its plans of defense. The great war is played out on the largest and most expensive computing machine ever constructed by Man. After twenty-four hours of computation, both sides are informed of the outcome. The victor can then rejoice, and the defeated country — after paying due reparations — can start arming for the next simulated war.

Surely the permanent substitution of simulated war for actual war would be the supreme achievement of Man's newest laboratory.

THE LONELY INTELLECTUAL . . *by Loren Baritz*

THE INTELLECTUAL, whoever he is and whatever he does, always has had to compartmentalize his mind in closely sealed chambers. It is necessary for health and a measure of functional efficiency for him to insure that the ideas and attitudes in one chamber not be allowed to confront those in another. Should the doors be opened, he would find himself the victim of irreconcilable convictions, of intolerable tensions between his several selves, would be forced to recognize schizophrenia as his occupational hazard. The following thesis is extreme because of a conviction that intellectual strength for the intellectual comes from an intensification of his schizophrenia.

The American manifestation of the intellectual's plight is worth consideration because the problems are more pure in America. Here are the greatest number of intellectuals who, however, do not produce the most significant work. Here the siren's song of society bewitches more intellectuals and leads them to seek health at the price of strength. Here the intellectual feels the full force of his anomalous position, and knows the power of the appeal to be "a regular guy," a useful citizen.

The problem for the American intellectual comes from the fact that he is an American. Our national commitment to utility is also accepted by the American intelligentsia in a peculiarly marked fashion. The general American fear of abstraction, of the exotic, is illustrated by the content and flavor of characteristic movements: pragmatism, empiricism, positivism—these are now almost American reflexes in which the intellectual as American participates. The social — the American — background of this might be delineated, but it is the foreground that is relevant here. The brute consequence of these American movements of thought is a commitment on the part of human beings and intellectuals too, to induction, the concrete, the quantifiable, the certain. The sign hanging in the RAND Corporation signifies much: "Don't think—Compute!" Is it too much to suggest that American intellectuals contribute to this mood because, as Americans, they are also burdened with the general obsession with utility?

So-called practical men of affairs set the tone. The "Have you ever met a payroll?" type of question may be translated in a number of ways: "Are you an academic nut [theorist]?" "Do you understand the pressures of living — *really* living — in this world?" To an American, the reply of "Have you ever met a muse?" seems inadequate. A sense of guilt over his not entirely American way of occupying himself makes the intellectual yearn to gain the approval of our men of affairs. Should this approval be granted, it would be the first step in the seduction for which the American egghead longs.

LET THE intellectual be absorbed into society and he runs the very grave risk of permitting himself to be digested by it. Let men of affairs cease their annoyance with and repulsion of the intellectual, and the latter will suffer. When he touches power, it will touch him. Acton said it. When the intellectual becomes socially, rather than intellectually, responsible his mind must lose at least part of the freedom and resiliency which is part of his most fundamental equipment. If the result matters to him, if a conclusion must be avoided for reasons other than those of logic or beauty, the intellectual has become a captive of relevancy. The *raison d'être* of the ivory tower was precisely this need for social irresponsibility, for irrelevancy, for the freedom which comes from isolation and alienation. It is where the intellectual belongs. Is it not the home of the best in our tradition? It is the place

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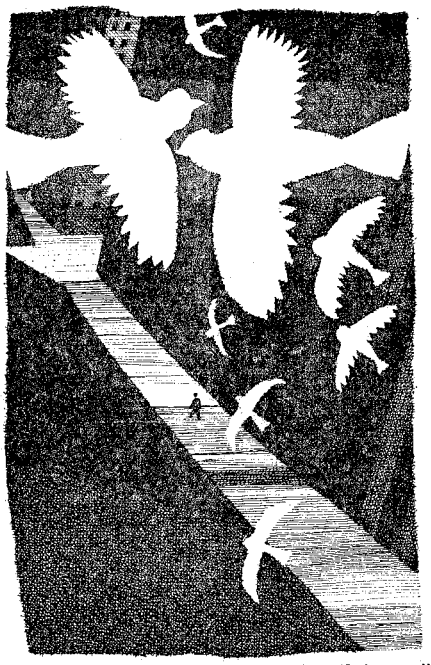
where the marginal man, Veblen's Jew, may satisfy the need to think and also to breathe.

Karl Mannheim worried about the consequences of this kind of disengagement. Intellectuals, he said, who "consciously renounce direct participation in the historical process," do however "take part in the great historical process of disillusionment, in which every concrete meaning of things as well as myths and beliefs are slowly cast aside." He cited expressionism in art and existentialism as illustrations of both despair and the resulting devotion to privacy. The danger, for him, was that when thought "turns inward and gives up its conflict with the immediate concrete world, it tends to become gentle and innocuous, or else to lose itself in pure self-edification." He could not have foreseen a society in which mass movements lead only to the supermarket, in which the mind has drowned in Coca Cola. Self-edification is, after all, something. Mannheim predicted that the intellectual's withdrawal would cause life to lose its meaning. Perhaps there are other causes, but in the atomic world meaning has in fact become mightily obscured. For now, at least, the abstract expressionist must lead the way.

Though the intellectual should not be relevant, his thought may be. But that is not up to him. An idea set loose lives its own life. The practitioners of life may use an idea, may see relevance, may implement it. If the idea's father attempts to put it to work, his future offspring will be deformed. It is a danger inherent in the American wish to be loved by society, to be useful, to be real. The extent to which the intellectual desires to ignore (since he cannot abolish) the division of labor between himself and practitioners, is the extent to which his mind is in danger. Only in the rarefied atmosphere of the hothouse will his tender little plant of a brain stand some chance of surviving.

THE URGE to find a place in the American sun, increasing of late, has turned large numbers of our intellectuals into technicians: social scientists turn their minds and train-



Lowell Naeve: "Fantasies of a Prisoner"

ing to problems of selling toothpaste; historians write contemporary politics into their history and find there "lessons for our times"; economists become statisticians; critics emerge as journalists; and all of these, and more, run the danger of becoming respectable and therefore responsible academic eunuchs. Because science — now even theoretical science — is more easily reconciled to America and its reflexes, it is a different matter. When the work of American humanists and social scientists as a group approaches a vitality and significance proportional to their numbers, it will be time enough to congratulate ourselves for progress already made.

In America relevance and social responsibility may be avoided in a number of ways. The most obvious but by no means certain way is by choice of field: the medievalist and poet are in less danger than the political scientist and American historian; the philosopher and the experimental psychologist may be safer than the economist or the applied psychologist. Distance from or continuous criticism of America is, for now, essential to the intellect, and — indirectly, unintentionally, dialectically — to America. This distance and criticism may of course be achieved even in "sensitive" areas with a political system that serves as insulation.

The intellectual as political liberal may be a contradiction in terms. The liberal, presumably, lives in an open-ended world where everything is possible, a world where faith matters. The direct and often admirable concern of the liberal for humanity surely means that the liberal cares about this world, that current problems count, that social responsibility and relevance are desirable above all else. Or, instead of being Utopian, the American liberal is sometimes Edenic. Sometimes he pines for lost innocence, for a return to a Golden Age (located either in New England or the Ohio Valley, 1820-1840). The two types were powerfully displayed by Auden, who considered himself an Edenic, Arcadian, not a Utopian: "Passing a slum child with rickets, I look the other way: He [the Utopian] looks the other way if he passes a chubby one." Regardless of which variety of liberal the American intellectual is, he is sure to pass some kind of child whose plight or fortune will move him and his mind to necessary human conclusions. Though humanity needs the mind, the disembodied mind must, if it desires the kind of total freedom which is the source of new truth, consider humanity as the antichrist.

THE American intellectual on the political far Left is in a more secure position. The extreme Left is not politically relevant in a society as intransigent as America is today. It may be that the irrelevancy of the Left constitutes part of its appeal for the intelligentsia; for some it is a way of protecting conscience and avoiding action. By making himself irrelevant in the way that he does, the intellectual of the far Left permits himself the indulgence of an intellectual solution (the kind of solution acceptable only to an intellectual) that is committed to social responsibility while living a life of social irresponsibility. In human terms this leaves much to be desired; in intellectual terms it may be ideal. In any case, this kind of Utopian is also likely to hide from the chubby child, but he is not as likely to be committed to action as the liberal. His formula can be something like this: "In this stupid society nothing is

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possible." This Utopian may rage back to the library in search of another bit of exotica. He may find that added bit; the liberal might never get back to the library because of the time and emotion spent over the injustice of rickets in our world.

Because the intellectual of the far Right is the extreme Arcadian, he is committed to a concrete historical reality. His intellectual alternatives are limited by that which was, and it follows that he rejects reason in favor of experience. The Utopian, on the other hand, is committed to a more or less inarticulate future and his commitment therefore is more vague and therefore less enervating. If, as is here implied, any commitment to this world limits the necessary marginality of the intellectual, the dangers in America increase as one moves rightward from the extreme Left to the fatal Center, and beyond. The danger increases as one approaches piety of any kind. William Jennings Bryan thought it better "to know the Rock of Ages than the age of rocks," and so it might be, except for a geologist. When the intellectual is reluctant to smash (in his hushed and passive way) the orthodox, he has become a good citizen and a bad intellectual. Because he is an American, the American intellectual is eager to become a joiner, a good citizen, to seek health, to join the new administration in Washington.

Surely, one must add — and in a hurry—that we are in desperate need of men who are still able to cry with and for the Arcadian's child. America has never needed them more urgently. There are moments when the defense of human freedom must and should take precedence over freedom of intellect: Nazism comes to mind. But when it is more important to cry than to think, and the intellectual cries, it may be that he has impaired his mind. Cry, by all means, but know the consequences, and let the issue justify the result. If the above assertions and assumptions mean anything, they may mean that the American intellectual, in order to save his head, must break his heart. This is his cross.

RESPONSIBLE eggheads, intellectuals turned technicians, do not merely suffer a partial lobotomy. They constitute a new class in society. They become the idea-boys, the communicators, the articulation of the dominant elites. Manipulation is their stock in trade, and their past successes in America should give pause. This is not unique in America. Ionesco knew what he was saying: "I find a simple man is superior to a demi-intellectual. The Nazi slogans were fostered by demi-intellectuals —Nazi journalists, novelists, artists, ideologists. To resist mass ideologies it is necessary to be a great intellectual or a child." Part of the quality of greatness must be alienation from the mass, i.e., from the vitality of the history the world is now making, i.e., from the life that requires blood and veins. Emerson, in his inverted and American way, sensed the problem when he warned: "March without the people, and you march into the night." Did he not fail to understand that the men who live the life of the mind are night-creatures, that the night is a time of oblivion and nightmare, but also the time to reflect and to dream? Is it not the moment of silence when life recedes, when self-annointment with midnight oil becomes possible? It is the time when the schizophrenic's second self may emerge because the good citizen has been put to bed.

The intellectual of any nationality, because he is committed to a continuing feast of forbidden fruit, is an enemy of God. Recognizing the necessary and perpetual rebelliousness of its intellectuals, society has made itself their enemy. Because his work opposes the instinct for life, is the product of a dehumanizing sublimation, the disembodied intellectual is the enemy of himself. The pariah of this world and the next, he has taken the place of the leper. He is an isolate, a man in quarantine, and should exult in his condition. Because he must not be of the polis even though he is in it, the intellectual—to accommodate Aristotle to present purposes—is either more or less than a man. Everlasting intellectual life offered by the passion of Socrates is obviously unlike the life offered by the death of Christ. Both lives, however, are not of this world; both are predicated on a mortification of the flesh; both must avoid the temptations of the city of men. The remarkable thing in the history of intellectuals is not that they have failed so often; it is rather more remarkable that so much has been achieved.

ALGERIA: DEFIANCE of TERROR . . *by Alexander Werth*

Bône, Eastern Algeria
Monday, January 9

EVERYBODY in Bône this morning—whatever he thinks of the results of the referendum—is heaving a sigh of relief: "Thank God, it's over, at least for the present."

Anyone who, like myself, has spent this last pre-referendum week in Eastern Algeria will take some time to forget the terrible tension and anxiety, if not plain physical fear, with which the European community (and to some extent also the Moslem community) was obsessed during these days. The Moslems were terrified of the *ultras* starting provocations like those which last month in Algiers led to the killing of 200 to 500 persons (depending upon to whom you talk). The Europeans had lurid visions of the whole Moslem community "coming down into the streets," waving hundreds of green-and-white F.L.N. flags, and starting a massacre. It was said that not a scrap of green cloth could be found in any shop—all of it had

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been bought up for weeks by the Moslems. What was happening in the rest of Algeria nobody knew for certain; the papers here are heavily censored.

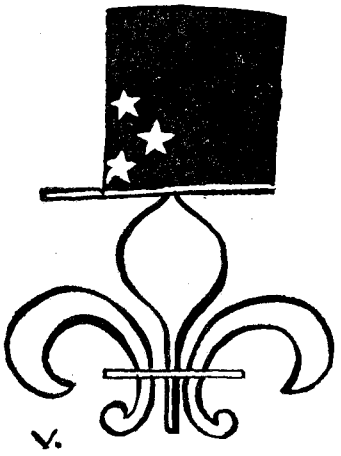
I came to Bône last week, partly because I had often been told by French-Algerian friends that it was more "typical" of Algeria than Algiers, where racial tensions are ten times more intense than elsewhere in this country. True, Bône is the native city of de Gaulle's No. 1 enemy, Marshal Juin; but it has not thrown up as many fruity Fascist characters as has Algiers; the Moslem population has not been systematically terrorized by a General Massu and his paratroopers; and it is perfectly true that, on the face of it, Europeans and Moslems live peaceably side by side.

Europeans regretfully remark that, until two months ago, the place was booming; it was only when, on November 4, de Gaulle spoke for the first time of an "Algerian Republic" that confidence crashed. New apartments, which a few months ago, fetched eight million francs, couldn't, after November 4, be sold for *anything*. De Gaulle, the Europeans were saying, had stabbed "French Algeria" in the back. After that, work was stopped on new apartment blocks and on the new factories, and thousands were thrown out of jobs.

LONG before the referendum (which, they said, "made no sense") practically all the French-Algerians were becoming desperate and were determined, whatever happened, to vote No. Over and over again I heard Europeans say that those with money had been evacuating it to France in the last two months. But the *"petits blancs"*—Europeans with no capital—were even more desperate; some, with deep roots in Algeria, were even wondering whether it wouldn't be possible to stay on under a Ferhat Abbas government.

But again, there was fear, terrible fear: never have I heard the word "Congo" mentioned so often as here in Bône: if the Arabs took over, it would be "like the Congo," and no amount of arguing that most of the F.L.N. leaders were men of French culture had much effect. "Once the Arabs feel they have the upper hand, heaven help us," I heard people say. "The one and only thing we expect de Gaulle to do is to leave at least the Army with us." And some would add: "We are scared, because we have a bad conscience. In these last six years too many Arabs have been killed—and their fellow Arabs won't forget so easily."

And others would argue that the example of Tunisia and Morocco showed that there wouldn't be much scope for French business and French freedom in an Arab-ruled country; Ferhat Abbas might be a reasonable enough man, but he had his *ultras*, too. In December, the switch from *"Algérie algérienne"*—de Gaulle's formula—to *"Algérie musulmane"*—that of the Moslem voters at Algiers—had been disconcertingly rapid. No doubt Algeria, as an underdeveloped



country, would desperately *need* France; and yet the Algerians might perhaps prefer to get their help from America (or Russia), and the French would then be thrown out, as they had been from Indo-China.

SO, before the referendum, the uncertainty and anxiety were terrible; the December explosion in Algiers had now convinced even the optimists that "the enemy" was in their midst. To add to the nervousness, there had been quite a number of terrorist acts here in Bône in the last few weeks—a grenade was thrown in a café in November, killing among others a British sailor and wounding many. And, on New Year's Eve, at the height of the *réveillon* shopping, a grenade was thrown in the central market into a crowd of European women and children, wounding forty-one, four seriously.

It was in this atmosphere that the Europeans were preparing to vote: their one great hope was that not only Algeria, but France, too, would say No to de Gaulle. Everybody argued that the double question asked in the referendum was a *non sequitur*, that it made nonsense; that all de Gaulle really wanted was a vote of confidence which France would certainly refuse to give him after his insane visit to Algeria, which caused the terrible trouble in December.

Non was written in three-foot letters all over the place—over public buildings, even over de Gaulle's (very few) pictures. The *Oui* posters were systematically destroyed and defaced, whiskers, mustaches and horns being added to any surviving portraits of de Gaulle. The Mayor of Bône, a former president of the local Committee of Public Safety, was giving full encouragement to the No propaganda.

Meantime, the Moslems were cagey and mysterious in the extreme. Not a word could be extracted from them as to how they were going to vote—if at all. On the Thursday before the referendum, the rumor started that new orders had been received from Ferhat Abbas for the Moslems to vote Yes. Whatever the truth, one thing had suddenly become terribly certain for the Europeans: the mass of the Moslem population was now following the *mots d'ordre* of the F.L.N. in Tunis. As a French officer told me on the Friday: "In a military sense, the F.L.N. are not active—they don't even *have* to be; but politically, they've managed to get the whole population more or less under their thumb."

The greatest mystery in this whole pre-referendum period was the attitude of the Army. There were countless rumors of deep dissension; many officers were clearly in sympathy with Juin, Jouhaud and dozens of other generals who had openly come out against de Gaulle.

It was in these confused conditions that the referendum in Algeria took place.

THE MOST common remark made by Moslems on this Monday morning was that if the referendum in

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France was a surprisingly great victory for de Gaulle, *the referendum in Algeria was (a) a smashing defeat for de Gaulle and (b) an overwhelming victory for Ferhat Abbas.* The Europeans were solidly against de Gaulle, while the Moslems had abstained. Oh, not according to the official all-over figures; but in all those places where they *could* abstain—that is, in the large cities—they had done so. If, in the countryside, 40, 50 or 60 per cent of Moslems had voted for de Gaulle (or had voted at all), it was solely because the Army had "persuaded" them to do so. And anyway, many Moslems added, could one trust the figures — except in the large cities, where faking was not so easy?

WHAT I saw in Bône and in the countryside south of here was highly illuminating. The voting in Algeria had been spread over three days, beginning on the Friday in remote villages, continuing in smaller provincial centers and the less remote villages on the Saturday, and then ending with the vote of the big cities on Sunday. On the Saturday, I went to half a dozen towns and villages within a thirty- or forty-mile radius of Bône. What I saw was this: All over the place, Army trucks were transporting Moslems—men as well as women (most of them veiled, and some with children in their arms) to the polling stations. With one exception, in all the polling stations I noted that the three-man "election bureaus" were composed entirely of Europeans. The single exception was a very strange one. The chairman of the "bureau" was a Moslem. I had never seen a man in such a panic; with sweat pouring down his face, he kept on jabbering that his predecessor in the local election had been murdered by the F.L.N., and that both his sons had been crippled.

Very striking was the fact that, among all the Moslems brought by Army trucks, there was scarcely a single young man: all were old or elderly men while, with a few exceptions, the women, too, were old or middle-aged. Officers I spoke to said that it was customary in Algeria to bring voters to the polling stations: otherwise they wouldn't come at all; many lived a long way away. Whether these obviously morose and reluctant Moslem voters had been definitely instructed to vote one way or the other was hard to figure out; but most of them made no secret of their voting Yes. For one thing, some of the women seem to have been impressed by the fact that the No ballot papers were purple (an unlucky color) and the Yes papers were white (a lucky color).

There were some revealing incidents. The Mayor of a fairly large town, surrounded by glorious tangerine groves, treated me to an explosive *"Algérie française"* harangue, saying that what the Army was doing was "absolutely criminal"; under orders "from de Gaulle," an officer had brought three truckloads with a hundred ignorant Moslem women from some outlying villages and had ordered them all to vote Yes—there'd be trouble for them if they didn't. He fumed and raged that de Gaulle was "betraying French Algeria," but "We, the so-called colonialists who turned this desert into the glorious country it is" would stay on in Algeria and fight to the last man—"even if de Gaulle were insane enough to withdraw the Army." And he bellowed that it was all the fault of the Russians and the Americans—especially the Americans, who were "after our oil." Another *colon* boasted that he had "outwitted de Gaulle"—he had ordered all his employees and farm laborers to vote No; if they didn't do it, he'd dismiss the whole lot. And he claimed that, sure enough, they all voted no. He had made it quite clear to them, he said, that the French knew exactly how everybody had voted! "It's a good old Algerian tradition—and we know all the tricks!" he added.

WHATEVER the percentage of Moslems who voted in the countryside, and however genuine the figures officially published, by far the most important thing happened on Sunday when the large cities were called upon to vote. At Bône, the tension was very great. Both Moslem and, especially, European housewives had bought up food for three or four days. The Europeans feared not only a shopkeepers' strike, but also an outbreak of terrorist activity. To reassure them, several hundred paratroopers were paraded through the city on Friday evening in jeeps and armored cars. But people remained scared.

Even so, as soon as the polling stations (heavily guarded by troops and police) opened in the morning, Europeans flocked to vote No, almost without exception. (The only Europeans who were supposed to have voted Yes were the Jews, "who love that goddam de Gaulle," and a number of soldiers of the conscript Army.) *But far more important than the massive European No vote was the almost total abstention of the Moslems.* In a city like Bône (and the picture was identical in Algiers, Oran and other bigger cities), out of a population of 130,000, there were 70,000 registered voters. Only 30,000 went to the polls, i.e., practically all the Europeans, and 40,000 abstained, i.e., practically all the Moslems. I visited polling station after polling station; the picture was everywhere the same. In the predominantly Moslem parts of the town, the polling stations were deserted; in the European parts, they were crowded. In some, chiefly Moslem, parts of the town, there were polling stations for men and polling stations for women. Here are the results in the district known as Ruisseau d'Or:

	Reg. Voters	*Votes Cast*	*Spoiled*	*Yes*	*No*
Women	771	24	7	9	8
Men	820	108	5	30	73

I visited these stations shortly before closing time. The explanation given was that all the Europeans in the district had voted (presumably No) and that "about thirty Moslems" also had voted; but all these "belonged to the French administration." As for the other Moslems, the chairman of the "bureau" morosely remarked: "They've clearly got their instructions from the F.L.N.: even if they wanted to vote, they would be much too scared to do so."

AND SO NOW we have this fantastic situation in which de Gaulle has been given a vote of confidence by France to go ahead with his Algerian plan—whatever it is—while

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Algeria itself (the object of the referendum) has either rejected the plan (this is true of practically the whole European community) or boycotted it (this is even true of Moslems who were under no pressure).

The mood among the Europeans today was one of profound dejection. Metropolitan France, they said, had proved itself even "feebler" than usual. None of them much believed in the kind of "temporary" institutions de Gaulle would set up in Algeria "pending self-determination." For one thing, the "third force" on whom de Gaulle was depending had, they said, been completely demoralized by what had happened among the Moslem voters in the big cities; the Moslem masses were now under strict control of the F.L.N., and the "third force" people would soon look for a good way of jumping on the F.L.N. bandwagon—unless they had compromised themselves too deeply with the French.

The European community is now conscious of a terrifyingly large, well-disciplined and potentially terribly explosive force in their midst. As for the Moslems, all their secrecy of the pre-referendum days had now gone: arguments I now heard from Moslems were to the effect that de Gaulle had better quickly try to make an agreement with Ferhat Abbas; and there were dark hints that if he persisted in building up his "third force" and "temporary" institutions, terrorism might well start up again, Army or no Army. The almost 100 per cent boycott of the referendum by the Moslems in the big cities had given them tremendous cohesion and self-confidence.

AT THE same time, there are strong Moslem elements who, far from wanting to drive the French out, are anxious for both personal and very strong economic reasons for a reasonable de Gaulle-Ferhat Abbas agreement. But will de Gaulle consider it? And will not Ferhat Abbas, after the brilliant demonstration of his hold over the Algerian people, not put up his price to an impossible degree?

And the Europeans? Today, they are bitter and subdued. Will some of the extreme *ultras* try to provoke serious trouble with the Moslems, in order to gain once again the full support of the Army? There is a grave danger of this happening, even though the bulk of the Europeans, angry and disappointed but feeling terribly helpless and frightened, would rather not try any such adventures. The lesson of the referendum has stuck. The Europeans are, if anything, in a fatalistic mood, and the tendency today is to say: "Damn de Gaulle. But if there's nothing else to fall back on, let's at least wait and see if he can't do something to save what may perhaps still be saved."

Forgotten Remedy for the Voteless Negro

. . *Thomas I. Emerson and Arthur E. Bonfield*

IN THE CURRENT debate over methods of assuring the Negro in the South his right to vote, very little attention has been paid to Section 2 of the Fourteenth Amendment. For many years major interest in this Amendment has focused on Section 1, which prohibits the states from denying to any person due process of law or equal protection of the laws. Not many people are aware that those who framed and adopted the Fourteenth Amendment viewed Section 2, rather than Section 1, as its most important provision.

Section 2 provides that Representatives in Congress "shall be apportioned among the several States according to their respective numbers, counting the whole number of persons in each State, excluding Indians not taxed."

> But [it continues] when the right to vote at any election [for Federal or state offices] is denied to any of the male inhabitants of such State, being twenty-one years of age, and citizens of the United States, or in any way abridged, except for participation in rebellion, or other crime, the basis of representation therein shall be reduced in the proportion which the number of such male citizens shall bear to the whole number of male citizens twenty-one years of age in such State.

In addition to Section 2 an almost unknown statute, originally passed in 1872 and still on the books, contains the same requirement.

Neither the Constitutional provision nor the statute has ever been successfully invoked to reduce the representation of any state in Congress. This failure to adhere to the plain language of our Constitution and law is a continuing national scandal. The matter is now of particular importance for two reasons.

In the first place, there is serious doubt that the Civil Rights Acts of 1957 and 1960, or indeed any legislation based upon judicial procedures, can effectively secure the Negro's right to vote. Thus three of the six members of the Civil Rights Commission, in the first report of that body, characterized proposals for amendment of existing laws as "stopgap" measures. They urged the adoption of a Constitutional amendment eliminating all restrictions upon the right to vote except age, residence and legal confinement. As will appear, this proposal seeks to accomplish by direct prohibition on the states what Section 2 of the Fourteenth Amendment, if enforced, would accomplish indirectly through reduction of state representation.

Secondly, a new apportionment of House seats, based upon the 1960

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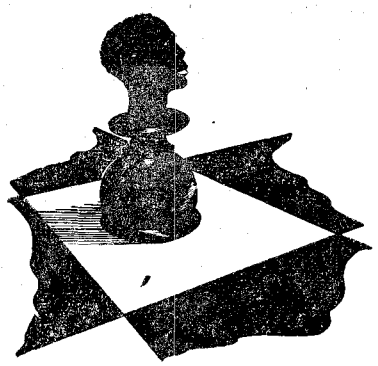

census, will be made shortly now that Congress has convened. Hence the new Administration will have to face squarely the question whether to enforce or continue to ignore the Constitutional mandate.

An examination of the possibility of implementing Section 2 of the Fourteenth Amendment would therefore seem to be in order.

IN THE reconstruction of the Union following the Civil War, the North was united on one question — the legal abolition of slavery. The Thirteenth Amendment, providing that "neither slavery nor involuntary servitude . . . shall exist within the United States," was quickly ratified in 1865. On other issues there was bitter controversy.

One of these involved the political terms upon which the seceding states would be readmitted to the Union, and more particularly the relative strength of the Southern states in a reconstituted Congress. Prior to the war, Southern representation in the House, under the original Constitutional provision, was based upon counting a slave as three-fifths of a free person. The abolition of slavery would, therefore, result in additional Southern representation in the House. The victorious North was unwilling to accept such an increase in Southern power, particularly if based upon a disfranchised Negro population.

The issue of extending federal protection to Negro voting also arose in other connections. There were many who strongly supported federal guarantees on grounds of principle — that all citizens were entitled to the basic rights of citizenship — and as essential to giving the Negro a political base from which to achieve other civil rights. Republican politicians viewed the Negro vote as important in maintaining Republican control of the federal government. On the other hand, most of the Northern states did not themselves at this time extend the franchise to the Negro and the North was by no means fully committed to direct action on this issue.

The resolution of the problem was Section 2, which was deemed the heart of the Fourteenth Amendment. Historians are in some disagreement as to whether the major purpose of this section was to reduce the power of the Southern states in the House or to secure, by the indirect method of reducing representation, the franchise to the Negro. Undoubtedly both considerations weighed heavily. In any event, it is entirely clear that Section 2 was intended to establish, as a Constitutional principle, that representation in the House should be based upon population reduced by the proportion of male citizens over twenty-one who were denied the franchise for reasons other than the narrow grounds specified.

The Fourteenth Amendment was ratified in 1868. Two years later, in 1870, the Fifteenth Amendment was adopted. Designed to protect the Negro's right of franchise directly, it provided that the right to vote "shall not be denied or abridged by the United States or by any State on account of race, color, or previous condition of servitude."

VARIOUS questions as to the interpretation of Section 2 have arisen, or would arise if effective implementation were attempted. The major ones will be noted briefly.

(1) It has been contended that the Fifteenth Amendment, which directly prohibits a state from infringing the right to vote because of color or race, superseded and nullified the indirect penalties of reduced representation embodied in the Fourteenth Amendment.

Neither the language nor the legislative history of the later Amendment supports this interpretation. The two provisions are entirely consistent, merely providing different sanctions for the same action on the part of the states. Indeed, the debate on the Fourteenth Amendment made clear that a direct prohibition would not necessarily solve the problem of indirect abridgement through property, literacy or educational qualifications, which by their terms or by discriminatory administration effectively deny the franchise to the Negro. Subsequent history has fully vindicated the position of the framers of the Fourteenth Amendment.

(2) The Nineteenth Amendment, prohibiting discrimination in voting on account of sex, has the effect of striking the word "male" from Section 2 of the Fourteenth.

(3) The question of what constitutes a denial or abridgement of the right to vote is, in the main, free of ambiguity: The states may, without incurring any penalty, disqualify noncitizens, persons under twenty-one years of age and persons engaged in rebellion or convicted of crime. The word "inhabitant" should probably be construed as including any bona fide resident of a state, regardless of the length of his residence. It can be argued, however, that a state residence requirement necessary for administrative purposes, say not over six months, ought not to be considered an abridgement of the right to vote.

All other disqualifications result in reduction of representation. These include disqualifications based upon race, color or national origin; property, literacy or educational tests; payment of poll taxes or other taxes; and the taking of loyalty oaths. They also include denial or abridgement through violence, intimidation, economic reprisal or similar pressures.

Section 2 probably also requires a reduction in representation where the right to vote is abridged by serious malapportionment or gerrymandering of Congressional election districts. This is a matter of considerable importance but involves complications we shall not attempt to unravel here.

(4) Does Section 2 apply where the infringement is not due to direct action of the state or state officials, but derives from the actions of private individuals or groups? This issue is of key importance. In many parts of the South the major reason for the lack of Negro voting is fear of reprisal. Indeed, it may be said

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that the whole system of racial discrimination in the South, especially since the Supreme Court's repudiation of the separate but equal doctrine, rests upon the use or threat of violence and economic pressure.

The argument that Section 2 applies only where the right to vote is denied or abridged by direct state action is based mainly upon judicial interpretation of Section 1 of the Fourteenth Amendment. The Supreme Court has consistently held that the protections of due process and equal protection in Section 1 are available only as against action taken by the state. The same has been held of the Fifteenth Amendment. But this line of reasoning does not apply to Section 2. In contradistinction to Section 1 and the Fifteenth Amendment, Section 2 is not expressly limited to state action. The fact that the other provisions are so worded, and Section 2 is not, is persuasive that Section 2 is intended to be applicable regardless of the source of the infringement. The whole purpose of Section 2, as shown by its history, confirms this interpretation. Moreover, even if state action were required, a strong argument can be made that the state has an obligation which it cannot shirk to protect its citizens in the fundamental right to vote, and that failure to fulfill this obligation constitutes state action just as much as an affirmative abridgement by state officials.

(5) Nothing in Section 2 requires proof that the citizen has made an affirmative effort to register or vote. Statutory restrictions, discriminatory practices and intimidation constitute a denial or abridgement in and of themselves, whether or not any individual Negro has actually been refused the right upon demand.

(6) The effect of Section 2 is to reduce the representation of the state being penalized. It does not increase the number of representatives to which other states are entitled.

(7) Finally, the enforcement of Section 2 results not only in reduction of representation in the House, but also in the number of Presidential electors to which the state is entitled. This follows from the fact that the Constitution grants to each state "a number of electors, equal to the whole number of Senators and Representatives to which the State may be entitled in the Congress."

Thus the implications of enforcing Section 2 are far-reaching. Yet all efforts to do so have thus far been unavailing. What are the chances that, under present circumstances, Section 2 can now be enforced?

THE Constitution does not specify what agency of government is to determine the allocation of Representatives to the states or to enforce the Constitutional requirements. The procedure is now governed by legislation originally enacted in 1929. In its present form, this statute provides that within one week of the opening session of the Congress following the decennial census, the President shall transmit to Congress a statement showing the whole number of persons in each state (excluding Indians not taxed) as ascertained by the census, and "the number of Representatives to which each State would be entitled under an apportionment of the then existing number of Representatives by the method known as the method of equal proportions." It is then made the duty of the Clerk of the House of Representatives, within fifteen days after receipt of the President's statement, to send to the executive of each state "a certificate of the number of Representatives to which such State is entitled."

Both the language and the legislative history of the statute indicate that the President's role was intended to be strictly mechanical. His function seems limited to applying the mathematical formula of "equal proportions" to the total population. While the matter deserves further consideration, the chances of Section 2 being enforced through Presidential initiative seem somewhat remote.

Clearly Congress has the power to determine the apportionment of seats in the House by statute. Prior to 1929, it did so after each decennial census. Since then the matter has been governed by the general statute. Congress also could establish machinery for determining the number of disfranchised citizens in each state.

Ideally, therefore, Congress should assume the obligation of enforcing Section 2 of the Fourteenth Amendment. Continued flouting of current legislative and judicial efforts to assure the right to vote may lead it to do so. Certainly advocates of civil rights should mount a full-scale effort to force Congress to honor the Constitutional mandate. Yet, realistically, the prospects of immediate response are not favorable.

A THIRD alternative lies in resort to the courts—the traditional American method of securing redress for infringement of Constitutional rights. Here a number of legal obstacles must be overcome. These are mainly technical problems for the lawyers, which cannot be considered in detail in this article. But the two major problems may be briefly outlined.

The first involves the form of the lawsuit. Who should institute the action, against what officials, in what court? Two methods of procedure hold promise of success. One is a suit, brought in the Federal District Court for the District of Columbia, to enjoin the Clerk of the House from certifying the number of Representatives to the states on any basis which did not conform to Section 2 and the 1872 statute. Agents of Congress have in the past been successfully subjected to legal action. Such a proceeding should preferably be brought by a voter from a state in which the election laws and practices impose no restrictions disallowed by Section 2, or by such a state itself. States suitable for the purpose include Indiana, Iowa, Kansas, Michigan and Nevada.

An action of this sort would have

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to be brought shortly before or after the President transmitted his statement to Congress under the 1929 law, and before the Clerk had issued his certificate. It would be available, therefore, only to rectify the initial apportionment made after the census. For present purposes, the suit would have had to be prepared and ready to file early this month.

A second procedure would be an injunction proceeding in a Federal District Court instituted by a disfranchised citizen against the election officials of his state to enjoin them from holding an election for Representatives by Congressional districts. This would be premised on the theory that the state was not entitled to the full number of Representatives allocated by the Clerk and therefore Representatives must be elected at large, rather than by districts.

This second procedure has the advantage that it can be brought at any time after the census has been taken and Representatives apportioned. It has the disadvantage that it would settle the issue only for the particular state involved. Separate suits would be necessary in each state where reduction of representation was sought.

Hence, it would seem that the first attempt at litigation should be by a suit against the Clerk of the House, brought as soon as possible. This could be followed by the second type of action where necessary, to secure conformity with Section 2 between apportionments.

THE OTHER major problem arises out of the doctrine of political questions. The court would be faced with the argument that the method of apportioning Representatives is a political matter to be decided by the legislative branch of the government and not by the courts. In a case brought in Virginia in 1943, the lower federal courts dismissed the proceeding on this ground, and the Supreme Court declined to review. Moreover, the Supreme Court itself has several times invoked the doctrine (over vigorous dissent) as a reason for refusing to interfere with malapportionment of Congressional Districts within a state.

It is impossible to review here the various considerations underlying the doctrine of political questions. Suffice it to say that powerful arguments can be urged against its application to Constitutional issues of interstate apportionment, which by their very nature are not readily susceptible to solution by the legislative process. The task of persuading a majority of the Supreme Court to this view is by no means insuperable.

All these questions, and others not mentioned, make the litigation approach hazardous. But the chances of success appear sufficiently great to warrant an all-out effort to bring a court test.

THIS brings us to the final and perhaps the most troublesome question. How does one ascertain the number of citizens in each state whose rights are being denied or abridged within the meaning of Section 2?

This problem must be solved whether enforcement of Section 2 be sought through Presidential, Congressional or judicial action. And, realistically, success in securing enforcement depends in large measure upon formulating a fair, practical and reasonably objective technique for determining the amount of reduction.

If a legislative solution proves feasible, special machinery could be established for making the determination. Thus Congress could authorize the Bureau of the Census to gather information, or establish a legislative investigating commission (as has been suggested by Senator McNamara), or delegate power to the Civil Rights Commission. On the other hand, if reliance must be placed upon Presidential or judicial action, the issue would have to be decided upon the basis of information already available.

In any event, the securing of reliable data poses a difficult problem. We suggest that the best available method, at least for present purposes, is to base the calculation upon a state-by-state comparison of the proportion of persons actually voting in each state to the total number of citizens over twenty-one in that state. This ratio is readily available; the number of citizens over twenty-one is supplied by the census, the number voting by election statistics. In any state where that proportion is below the national average it is reasonable to conclude that the disparity is largely due to denials or abridgements within the meaning of Section 2.

Upon analysis, this test appears surprisingly reliable. It must be remembered that Section 2 requires reduction of representation for the denial or abridgement of the voting rights of any adult citizen for any cause other than participation in rebellion or commission of crime. The former disqualification is not now relevant; and the latter would occur in only an insignificant number of cases and be relatively constant as among the different states. Residence requirements involve no great difficulty. Most states have a residence requirement of one year, and therefore this factor also is relatively constant. To the extent that it is desired to reduce representation on the basis of such requirements, a reasonably accurate calculation could be made from census figures.

The major difficulty, therefore, arises in attempting to take account of certain other factors which result in non-voting but which cannot be considered a denial or abridgement. These are primarily illness, absence from the voting district on election day, and various forms of apathy. Illness and absence from the district, insofar as not rectified by absentee voting, probably do not vary much among the states. In any event, the number of votes involved would not be large enough to make a difference in result.

WE ARE left, then, with the factor of apathy. There are obvious difficulties in attempting to ascertain the influence of this factor in any state. A reasonable approximation is all that can be expected or required.

It is not unreasonable to assume that apathy, or at least apathy unrelated to denials and abridgements, is fairly constant in the American population generally. There are, however, several methods by which a margin of safety can be allowed for possible variation from state to state. Thus, much apathy arises out of a one-party system. But this manifests

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itself largely in failure to vote in final elections rather than primaries. It is possible, then, to compensate for this aspect of apathy by calculating the number of voters in each state on the basis of either the final or the primary election, whichever is larger. Again, it is possible to make an arbitrary allowance for possible variations in apathy, or to calculate the national average of non-voting in a way which makes such an allowance.

Data might be assembled showing the effect upon exercising the right to vote of income, education, population distribution and isolation, the political structure of the state, and other factors which might produce or reflect apathy. Where a correlation appeared, these factors could be taken into account. Such studies should be made. But even in their absence, the formula suggested above would seem to yield sufficiently reliable conclusions to establish a prima-facie case.

LET US now consider the actual results of applying the test. By way of illustration, we take the figures on the number of citizens over twenty-one in each state from the 1950 census, the latest fully completed and available. Figures on the number of voters in each state are those for the 1952 Presidential election. These are chosen partly because that election was the first after the census, and partly because Eisenhower's candidacy in the South tended to offset the effects of the one-party system there. Available primary statistics indicate that, in all but two Southern states, the number voting in this election exceeded the primary vote that year.

Using the above figures, the national average of the proportion of persons actually voting to citizens over twenty-one is slightly over 65 per cent. The ratio in the different states varies substantially. It ranges from 87 per cent in Utah to 24 per cent in Alabama and Mississippi. But certain patterns emerge. The eleven Southern states are all at the bottom of the list, well below the national average. Two border states —Kentuckv (57 per cent) and Maryland (60 per cent)—come next. Only two other states are below the national average—Arizona (62 per cent) and Maine (64 per cent). The others range above the average in varying degrees, but a cluster of seventeen states occupies a middle bracket from 71 to 75 per cent.

It will be seen from the above that, by including all the states in a general national average, the figure is substantially biased in favor of the Southern states.

The final calculation is made by reducing the representation of each state by the percentage by which that state is below the average. This calculation can be done in several ways, depending on the margin of error we wish to allow for possible variations in the apathy factor:

(1) We may reduce representation only to the extent that the percentage of non-voting in any state is 10 per cent below the general national average. Thus Alabama, with a ratio of 24 per cent of voters to citizens over twenty-one, is 41 per cent below the general national average, but its representation would be reduced by only 31 per cent.

(2) We may reduce representation by the exact percentage that any state falls below the general national average. On this basis Alabama's representation would be reduced by 41 per cent. Since the general national average, as we have seen, is biased in favor of the Southern states, this method still allows for a margin of error.

(3) We may reduce representation by the percentage that any state falls below the average of the seventeen states which form the middle cluster. The average of these modal states is 73 per cent and by this method Alabama would lose 49 per cent of its Representatives.

The results in those states which would incur a reduction are set forth in the accompanying table.

The difficulties in implementing Section 2 through Congressional or judicial action are serious but not insurmountable. The chance of success is probably better than that of obtaining a Constitutional amendment. With a new apportionment based on the 1960 census imminent, the time is now ripe for a renewed effort to make the Constitution mean what it says.

States Which Would Lose Representation If Fourteenth Amendment Were Enforced

State	Present Number of Representatives	Reduction on the basis of: *10 Per Cent Below General National Average*	*General National Average*	*Average of 17 Modal States*
Alabama	9	3	4	4
Arkansas	6	1	2	2
Florida	8	0	1	1
Georgia	10	3	3	4
Kentucky	8	0	1	1
Louisiana*	8	1	2	3
Maryland	7	0	0	1
Mississippi*	6	2	2	3
North Carolina	12	0	1	2
Pennsylvania	30	0	0	2
South Carolina	6	2	2	3
Tennessee	9	1	2	3
Texas	22	2	4	6
Virginia	10	2	3	4
Total Reductions		17	27	39

**Because 1952 primary statistics are not entirely reliable, no allowance has been made for higher primary voting in Louisiana and Mississippi. At most, adjustment for this factor would result in a reduction of one less representative in each column for those two states.*

Note: A fraction of .5 or over is counted as a whole number.

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BOOKS and the ARTS

Maps of the New Africa

TROPICAL AFRICA. By George H. T. Kimble. Vol. I: "Land and Livelihood"; Vol. II: "Society and Polity." The Twentieth Century Fund. 1,100 pp. $15 set.

THE TWILIGHT OF EUROPEAN COLONIALISM. By Stewart C. Easton. Holt, Rinehart and Winston. 571 pp. $10.

Henry L. Bretton

UNTIL NOW, the standard reference work on sub-Saharan, tropical Africa has been Lord Hailey's monumental *African Survey* (second edition published in 1957). As a reference work, the Hailey still is unsurpassed, but its very encyclopedic scope tends to discourage the general reader. Also, Lord Hailey's intimate identification with British colonial administration—albeit in most respectable, constructive pursuits—interfered with his, and his staff's, objectivity.

Tropical Africa, wisely, was not designed to compete with Hailey, but to supplement it. Thus, George Kimble, expertly making use of the widely divergent views of some forty-six contributors, produces a less forbidding, more readable and more objective work. With a successful blending of lively prose and sound scholarship — by and large — and with less stress on inclusiveness, Kimble focuses more on the inter-relationships, the totality of human and physical environment. The result, conveniently divided into two volumes on "Land and Livelihood" and "Society and Polity," represents not a static mosaic of data but a flowing panorama of a continent and people in motion.

Although in places it still follows in the footsteps of colonial information offices (perhaps no independent sources could be located on the Belgian Congo, on Portuguese Africa, and on some of the French territories), *Tropical Africa* may still be ranked as the most significant effort of its kind to date. Scattered throughout the thirteen chapters of the first volume—and it is necessary to read all chapters not to be caught on some of the less solid ones—are instances of incisive analysis of the economics of independence, the bread-and-butter issues, the limitations and potentialities of the land and the people.

The author recognizes that, although the traditional concepts of colonialism are changing, some of the by-products, some of the old habits, are difficult to abandon. The independent countries still feel the effects of the continuing desire "of metropolitan manufacturers to have access to cheap raw material of which the colonies have been providers, and which have enabled them to stay in the export business, often against all comers." Another main problem confronting planners for tropical Africa is uncovered in this passage: ". . . the key to the industrial future of tropical Africa lies not so much in the mines, the rivers, or the plantations, or even the rising purchasing power of the doctors, teachers, truck drivers, and other select groups, as in the fields and on the grazing lands, and in what millions of Africans who tend them make of them. What they make of them will depend as much, probably, on what they feel is socially acceptable as on what is economically possible."

THE second volume, "Society and Polity," would have been more valuable had the author been as consistently analytical and as willing to cross lines of academic discipline to define inquiries as he was in volume one. And it is regrettable that the insight gained in the economic and technological chapters is not reflected in such chapters as the one on "Colonial Policies." We are told that colonial policy is "a pool of ideas and convictions that has been preserved by the guardians of [the colonial power's] culture and into which each new generation has poured its experience. . . . The objectives of its colonial policy may never have been precisely defined by those entrusted with colonial administration, but they are generally perceived as surely as most Americans perceive without being able to specify fully, the responsibilities of their citizenship." This does not accurately represent the nature of the problem. The evidence is overwhelming that colonial policies have had a way of becoming separated from the national culture, the national purposes, of the colonial powers. Also, colonial administrators, with few exceptions, are oblivious to what can properly be called policy. They execute low-level statutory instruments and administrative decrees, with little love, interest, or enthusiasm.

Another chance to correct a misconception about politics and government in developing countries is missed in the following observation on Ghana: "By 1957 the colony had demonstrated an ability to conduct its legislative affairs in the manner of a British parliamentary democracy, complete with universal adult suffrage, secret ballot and loyal opposition." Nothing of the sort had taken place. What is more important, if political conditions had been as implied, Ghana in all probability would today be in a state of civil war. Likewise, reading the passages on the Belgian Congo, one has great difficulty understanding why the territory exploded as it did. We are told: "Fortunately the Belgians did not find it too difficult to provide the Congo with a vigorous economy," and "the economic programs undertaken by them were remarkable as much for their humanitarianism as their foresight." What foresight? But in fairness to Mr. Kimble, one can readily go back to the economic, environmental analyses of volume one and regain a more realistic picture.

STEWART EASTON, a historian and political scientist, has produced one of the finest studies to date on the waning phases of European colonialism. His book ranges across the Continent of Africa, formerly and currently colonial, and includes for comparative purposes a few non-African territories such as Singapore, Guinea and the West Indies. But in the main, Professor Easton addresses himself to the transfer of power from colonial to indigenous control in what essentially is tropical Africa. Thus, his book is a companion volume to The Twentieth Century Fund's set. Together, these works provide the material for a good short course on Africa: one concentrating on the environmental, the other more on the institutional, procedural aspects.

A few weaknesses need to be pointed out in the Easton book, primarily because they follow a pattern which should not be allowed to grow to a new myth about Africa. Westerners tend to apply the rules of wishful thinking to the newly developing countries, and to ascribe to their peoples perspectives and values that are taken for granted in the West. In his treatment of the former British territories of Ghana and

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Nigeria, and to an extent also elsewhere, Professor Easton pays far too much attention to the formal, institutional aspects of the transfer of power processes and thus walks into a trap: he mistakes the appearance for the substance.

WHAT he brilliantly recognizes in the Congo and the Rhodesias, he fails to see in Ghana and in Nigeria. Even though these areas were spared the white settler problem, the economic control factor which has been the central theme of colonialism everywhere, also was pivotal in British West Africa. The constitutional systems now being introduced experimentally there, and elsewhere, do not reflect significant power distribution, they conceal it. Being somewhat blinded by the official line, the author evidently believes the story that the British really expected the Westminster model of parliamentary government to be transferred to Africa "without substantial change." One might give the planners in the Colonial Office more credit for knowing their subject. Similarly, the author could not have been more mistaken in his comments on democratic preferences among the leaders of Nigeria. He asserts: ". . . in Nigeria, and in Nigeria alone, among the British dependent territories, the African leaders have accepted all the implications of Western democracy." This is an extraordinary statement, in view of the fact that more than half of all Nigerians are still ruled by leaders who are dedicated defenders of a medieval, feudal order, that women still do not vote in the north of that country, and that only a minority of Nigerians can in any meaningful sense be described as participants in their country's political processes.

The author appears to be best informed on the Central African territories of the Congo and the Rhodesias. It would be difficult to locate at this time a better, more incisive analysis than his of race relations in the Federation of the Rhodesias and Nysasaland. The chapters on the Congo are excellent and although events have gone beyond the book, they will for some time to come rate among the most concise, analytical discussions on that topic. Professor Easton is perhaps a little too apologetic about the Belgian record there. The reader may sometimes wonder whether the Congolese are rioting against the Belgians or because they want their colonial masters to resume where they left off in the summer of 1960.

A Gallery of Jeffersons

THE JEFFERSON IMAGE in the American Mind. By Merrill D. Peterson. Oxford University Press. 548 pp. $8.50.

Adrienne Koch

THIS is a valuable book, a storehouse of information, on when and why Jefferson's reputation rose and fell and phoenix-like rose again. It is a tireless examination of what Jefferson has been made to mean by successive generations of Americans, from the time of his death to his "canonization" on the Potomac in the immortal company of Washington and Lincoln. Its powerful appeal lies in its richness. For in the course of his examination, Mr. Peterson has sampled generously newspaper opinion, pamphlet literature, gossip, libel, song and story; general history, special history, biography and what the guild calls "monographic studies."

The book also contributes to our knowledge of what might be called the "uses and abuses" of a great man in history. The author's premise, from which the entire study proceeds, is that Jefferson "more than any other American . . . impressed himself on the nation's future." For that reason, he feels that a full-scale review of what each generation has done with the Jefferson "image" is more than the study of an individual's reputation. It is a shifting index of the temper and intentions of the American people as they reshape, abandon, or introduce public principles, policies and programs. Mr. Peterson adduces abundant illustrations of his view that Jefferson's ideas and ideals were contended for by both or all sides "in the great campaigns of history."

In this very diligent display of how both the devil and the God-fearing can quote scripture, and how an unexpected host in between can snatch and memorize some necessary lines, the book tells many stories. It tells the story of Jefferson and strict construction; Jefferson and state rights. On the other hand, it tells the story of Jefferson as a vital and *enduring* symbol of democracy. It recalls the image of Jefferson the man who was a slave owner; a political manipulator wise as a serpent and not above hypocrisy; a leader who resorted to practices "inconsistent" with one or another of his principles. It also tells the story of the Thomas Jefferson whose vision of human freedom inspired Americans, generation after generation, and crisis after crisis, to emulate his hopeful ameliorative spirit, moving step by step in each fresh challenge to mitigate the most pressing evils and to maintain the basic rules by which free men can think openly, according to their lights.

Then it examines a host of sub-stories that cast one or another shadow over the changing surface of the "image." As these sub-stories make their mark on the reader, he asks: was Jefferson a "traditionalist," or a "revolutionist"; an agrarian, or the "champion of the working masses" against the overlordship of the "moneyed class," in FDR's way of putting it? Was he an aristocrat who posed in corduroy clothes and carpet slippers as a democrat; a frontier American; an urbane cosmopolitan; an "Old Dominion" Southern planter — or a "Continentalist" statesman with a program for limitless national progress?

THESE offhand suggestions of the pluriverse of "images" that are considered by Mr. Peterson should show something of the lively range of alternatives he presents as an "honest broker" in the Jefferson market. But for all the valuable information which this study contains, it fails to subdue the multiplicity and odd variety of its detailed components. In the welter of "images," one finds it difficult to view *The Jefferson Image in the American Mind.* As the author says: "My concern is not primarily with the truth or falsity of the image, either as a whole or in its parts, but rather with its illuminations of the evolving culture and its shaping power. It is posterity's configuration of Jefferson." This proposal apparently permits Mr. Peterson to comment on "what history made of Thomas Jefferson" without using as a standard for judgment a knowledge and reasoned interpretation of Jefferson's words and deeds. But lacking some elementary concern for reality over capricious or fortuitous image and symbol, what is the merit of employing a "Jeffersonian" focus to study "the evolving culture"?

Of course, Mr. Peterson cannot quite live up to the rigors of this symbolic or "image" approach. Thus, scholars like Beard, Henry Adams, Claude Bowers are criticized for *their* views of Jefferson and the Jeffersonian tradition—presumably on some sort of rough standard of

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truth. And Jefferson is liberally charged with: embodying ambiguity, creating dilemmas, suggesting an image "at the very heart of the people . . .," chiefly because his ideas went along with the national mind. Moreover, he is credited with having possessed "this genius of humanity, this power as a symbol." The "legend" employed by Southern sectionalists that social inequality was Jeffersonian in origin, is pronounced a "standard rejoinder" to Jefferson's (presumably real) ideal of equality, a rejoinder "going stale with age." Finally, a triumphant affirmation closes the book with a magnificent gesture which implicitly dismisses the indifference and neutrality among the sovereign images. "When so many of Jefferson's values have slipped away, he may yet go on vindicating his power in the national life as the heroic voice of imperishable freedoms. It is this Jefferson who stands at the radiant center of his own history, and who makes for the present a symbol that unites the nation's birth with its inexorable ideal."

Psychologists and Managers

THE SERVANTS OF POWER: A History of the Use of Social Science in American Industry. By Loren Baritz. Wesleyan Univ. Press. 273 pp. $4.50.

Leon Bramson

HOW HAVE social institutions like the army, the schools, the churches, the factories, found a use for the research efforts of social scientists? The background for the story in twentieth-century America is formed by the development of mass production, the rise of organized labor, the creation of an enormous corporate bureaucracy, and the active intervention of government in economic life. These developments created problems for management which could not be dealt with by ordinary nineteenth-century methods. Loren Baritz limits himself to the application of psychology and sociology to the new problems of industrial management in the United States.

His early chapters, describing the change in corporate mentality from an emphasis on meeting a payroll to the necessity for psychological testing, personnel and human relations programs, are among his best. He shows how industrial psychology was born in the first decades of our century, and how it made the leap from the universities to the factories. He discusses the efforts of the pioneers in this field who tried to help factory managers increase production, though he underestimates the extent to which these pioneers were often scorned by many of their "pure" colleagues in the universities. The author's treatment of this period is a rare combination of scholarship and understanding. Though he devotes little attention to Taylorism and time-study, his account of the early uses of industrial psychology by the Ford Motor Company manages to be both informative and amusing. The range and scope of his effort is most impressive. Having access to the files, personal interviews and memoranda of both psychologists and managers, he takes the reader behind the scenes and shows him how the psychologists and their employers defined each other, and what curious conceptions and misconceptions they developed about each other's methods and goals. The impact of the psychologists on the world of the factory is hardly less powerful than that of the managers on the psychologists. Professor Baritz here makes a unique contribution to American social history.

But the author is not merely interested in describing the process whereby psychologists and corporate management learned to talk to each other. His story has a moral, and he begins to build his case rather early in the narrative. Very few industrial psychologists during the first decades of the century ever asked themselves whether they were really impartial, as they claimed, or whether they had ever looked at the problems of testing and personnel programs from the standpoint of labor. Professor Baritz maintains that the decision as to how psychology was to be applied in the factories was always made by management and never by the psychologists. And he suggests a theme which, by the end of the book, leaves no one in doubt as to his own view: that American social scientists, with few exceptions, sold their services to industry with little regard for the social implications and results of their work.

PERHAPS it would be senseless to ask Professor Baritz to be less of a moralist —if he had been completely detached he might never have written this excellent book. His point of view has led him to his achievement, but it also accounts for places where he is not quite at his best — as in his final chapter when he closes with a froth of indignation about intellectuals who have sold out, or in his confusing preface when he tries to show the larger significance of his study.

The circular argument of the preface and to some extent of the entire book deserves a comment. It is clear that Professor Baritz defines an intellectual in terms of critical attitude — a resistance and opposition to society. But the purposes of his argument in this book require too that he "close one eye and assume that social scientists were intellectuals." Where, then, is the

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One Ocean

So there is one ocean, one way to wetness,
One sand-bottom flowing, ridged and waiting,
One tide ingathering, outflowing.
There is one beach where the exclusive people
In the newest covering for nakedness
Share equally the sea's virtues . . . as they share love.
In the same water, but entering from a lesser door,
The boisterous, common, sandy, bellowing
Men and women also seek absolution,
In the perpetually fretted water gathered together,
The lisping waves kissing rouged mouths,
Slyly stroking the secret places,
Soothing the slack bodies, the steaming faces.

The same ocean ignores the futile splashes;
Erases at day's end the tributes it finds . . .
Empty cigarette cartons, beer bottles, flabby sandwiches,
Crumpled magazines for tired minds, children's toys,
The usual joys. There is one ocean, one word spoken
Between the coming wave and the last wave broken.

SARA VAN ALSTYNE ALLEN

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sting in his charge that those who worked for American industry "sold out" their heritage of opposition to society? The simple answer is that many industrial psychologists and sociologists are not intellectuals, in the sense in which the author has defined that term. Whether they *should* be is another question. I do not begrudge Professor Baritz his ideological thunder, but in a few places in this book it affects the substance of his work.

In his final chapter, the author reiterates that his book points to nothing less than a *trahison des clercs*. He combines this cloudy charge — dependent on his own definitions of the behavior proper to an intellectual — with an assertion that social scientists are now in a position to control us all through the exercise of their schemes. He apparently believes that because industrial management commands the services of social scientists, they endanger the country with their capacity to control us from within. At this point he approaches some of the shrill qualities of Vance Packard. He provides plenty of evidence to show that most industrial social scientists worked for management, but his other arguments lapse into populism.

After setting down these criticisms it remains to be said that men who are willing and able to undertake the kind of demanding work represented by Professor Baritz's study are unfortunately rare. American social historians and sociologists are in his debt for bringing together these unusual materials and for welding them into an interpretation.

The Errors of Excellence

COLLECTED POEMS: 1930-1960. By Richard Eberhart. Oxford University Press. 228 pp. $6.

NEW AND SELECTED POEMS. By Howard Nemerov. University of Chicago Press. 116 pp. $3.50.

Hayden Carruth

IT IS good to have Richard Eberhart's work brought together in one volume. The *Selected Poems* of a decade ago contained his famous poems, but has been out of print for some time. Besides, one can see now that some of Eberhart's finest writing occurs in poems that are less well-known. Some poems have been omitted, of course, since poets reserve the right to leave out of their "collected" editions the things they no longer care for. But I have looked up some of those missing, and we can rest, for the time being at least, on Eberhart's judgment. Some day, if his work is as good as I think, we shall need a scholarly edition of all that he has done.

Eberhart's best is very fine indeed. A dozen or so poems in this book are the equal of anything ever produced in America. Young writers who read this, those who have come along in the past ten years, will be astonished and skeptical, because Eberhart's recent poems have often been stony and too technical. His reputation is in danger of slipping. Young writers no longer know that he was the most exciting poet to come out of America during the thirties (they find it hard to believe that the thirties in America could have been exciting at all). Eberhart spent much time abroad, and is sometimes classified with the English poets of that period. But his language is American, his manner is Yankee. And the evidence of his genuine gifts is here in this book for young writers to study and the rest of us to enjoy again.

The really astonishing thing about Eberhart's poetry is not that it should be so good — his talent is obvious — but that so much of it should come so close to triteness. Eberhart has always approached experience with a conventional view. He is really a misplaced eighteenth-century sentimentalist; many of his poems are virtually "night pieces" and "graveyard poems" of the worst sort, with more than a hint of Thomson or the young Bryant. His themes are death, human frailty, the sad beauty of natural things, the acceptance of reality through a religiously motivated immolation in necessity, etc. These have not changed much in the course of his work, though his response has become more complex. He has written few political poems, few poems that attest the era of Freud, Fraser, Durkheim. Yet he has surmounted the familiarity of his attitudes by bringing to them a tough, original enthusiasm.

It is difficult to find Eberhart's affinities. Often the mystical strain in his work and the common metrical patterns have reminded critics of Blake or Emily Dickinson, but in rereading his poems

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World peace
or
nuclear war?

In PLACE OF Folly

NORMAN COUSINS
Editor of *Saturday Review*

A brilliant statement of the case for sanity and survival in the place of the folly of atomic war.

Since the day the atom bomb was dropped on Hiroshima, Norman Cousins has devoted his principal attention and energy to the full implications of the nuclear age. He has traveled to almost every corner of the world, discussing the existing challenge with leading statesmen, philosophers, theologians and scientists. Here is the result of "one man's education" in the greatest issue of our century.

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this time I have found more of Gray, Wordsworth, even the Longfellow of the sonnets. The moderns are here too; in some poems Auden, in others Stevens, and in a few a strong anticipatory touch of Dylan Thomas. One concludes that Eberhart's style is really the central or common poetic style of the twentieth century. A theme for a future dissertation is the extent to which Eberhart created or helped to create it, and the extent to which he merely took from it.

Again the astonishing point is that he found a personal style within the commonplace, for there can never be any doubt that an Eberhart poem is an Eberhart poem. The individuality is a quality of feeling, an appealing awkwardness of metaphor, a brilliant, erratic play with common rhyme and meter. Eberhart has not been rigorous enough in his recent poems; he has often let them fall too easily into patterns learned earlier, not taking the trouble to choose words well. But there is more than enough fine work in this book to prove him a major lyric talent.

HOWARD NEMEROV, too, is a poet of superior gifts, but they have been misused, I think, or at least misdirected. A simple criterion of good verse, one that stands up pretty well even after all the extrapolations of the critics, is that the poem must tempt the reader to read it again. By this standard Nemerov's work, for all its cleverness and moral relevance, fails. His poems present themselves, to me at least, in the manner of praiseworthy newspaper editorials: they are interesting, pleasing, informative, literate, but when I have finished one of them I have no desire to go back to it.

The reason is plain. Poetry, whatever else it may be, is repetitive, specifically in terms of rhyme and rhythm, the primitive bases of its appeal. When this principle is discarded, you may have an interesting structure of language, even an incipient poem, but you do not have the poem itself. Nemerov is not alone; fashionable magazines these days are full of poems that have strayed into prose. Granted, the chief prosodic insight of modern poetry has been the role of prose in verse, but the school of low-keyed poets has gone too far. The point to be emphasized is that the poem must retain a recognizably poetic root or anchor if its language is to exhibit a proper tension between the underriding poetic compulsion and the surface tone of rational discourse. This tension is the origin of poetic, as opposed to ethical or emotive, effect. It has been lost in much recent verse.

Will of Granite

CREATION IS A PATIENT SEARCH. By Le Corbusier. Frederick A. Praeger. 306 pp. $15.

A. Hyatt Mayor

THIS substantial book, well printed in Germany, consists of more than 300 pages of black-and-white pictures, with a few in color. The illustrations are arbitrarily arranged to separate various views of each building, and they include rather too many of Le Corbusier's derivative paintings. In an interspersed commentary the architect writes about himself as "L.C." to explain his intentions and to scold the world for betraying and misunderstanding him. The translator, James Palmes, has managed to make readable English while keeping the angry telegraphic staccato of the original French.

The book is best looked at without reading, for the text reveals a granitic egoist like Louis XIV or General de Gaulle, whom you can only obey or behead, but with whom you cannot converse. Le Corbusier's well-known buildings are as starkly dictatorial. The obsessive geometry of his machines for habitation forbids a ball of knitting wool to roll on the floor or the morning paper to lie crumpled. The most determined living could never break his houses into homes: they represent the complete triumph of an architect over his client.

The case is different with Le Corbusier's great official buildings, where impersonality becomes a virtue. The great Indian Law Courts at Chandigarh rises out of the blank plain with the grandeur of a miracle, and the pilgrimage church at Ronchamp casts a spell as spooky as the cave at Lascaux. Le Corbusier would be most at ease in designing a complete monastery for a life as laborious and ordered as his own, for he embodies the austerity of the twelfth-century Cistercians. He is probably like Gordon Craig in being able to instigate more than he can execute.

A. HYATT MAYOR is Curator of Prints at the Metropolitan Museum of Art.

LETTER from YUGOSLAVIA

Donald Ritchie

IN A Beograd cafe, while eating Austrian ice, sipping Turkish coffee and listening to Louis Armstrong over the radio, a student said to me: "You won't understand anything about Yugoslavia until you understand how young we are. We are all just fifteen years old."

I heard this again and again. It was as though anything before the war, those centuries of occupation, that clutch of warring Balkan states, had ceased to exist. A man in Sarajevo said: "We are just like the Americans in one way: we all live for tomorrow."

It was strange to hear this from people on whose faces history had so plainly written. For, unlike Americans and certainly unlike the Germans from whose country I had just come, the Yugoslavians have faces. Several races and at least six nationalities and five hundred years of military occupation have created a people with strong, proud, well-defined faces — ones on which the pioneer spirit sits well.

And it is a pioneer country in many ways: enthusiastic, industrious, honest, and not given to the least introspection. The major cities are entirely reconstructed. Placid and wealthy Munich has far more wartime ruins than does any Yugoslavian city. Every week, kilometers are added to the impressive road system within the country. Hundreds of new apartment housing projects are rising; new air fields are completed every month.

Whenever I met with an inconvenience — no soap in the bathroom — I was told: "Oh, come back in five years. Ten years ago we did not even have any hotels in which to put bathrooms to put soap." I complimented a girl in Titograd on her French. "If I see you next week we will speak in English; come back in a month and I will talk German to you."

In the gardens at Zagreb a big man, Serbian, with eyebrows that met, said: "Well, and what do you think of our country?" I said I was impressed. "It's

DONALD RICHIE is film critic for The Japan Times *and author of a number of books on Japan. He has recently returned from Yugoslavia, which he visited at the invitation of the Yugoslavian film industry.*

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not quite like America yet, but it will be. And all due to the government." I said that that was not true, that it was due to the people. "That is true," he said: "But we are the government." Again I did not agree.

"But it is quite true," said a young man, an electrician in Piran. "Management — which is the people, since management is selected — is controlled by a workers' council, which is elected and rotated. This council is likewise controlled by management." I was not satisfied. "But, you have a government," I said, "what does *it* do?" He thought for a second, then said: "It is there, to be sure, doing whatever it is that governments do, but *we* are self-governing."

I kept asking such questions until, finally, a young man in Ljubljana broke off a discussion we had been having about the beats in general and Kerouac in particular with: "You Americans are not well-informed about us. You all expect a police state. You expect Albania. I will tell you something which should explain a lot to you: there are some 17 million people in Yugoslavia and there are only 800,000 Communists."

It seemed to explain a great deal. The freedom I was given, for example: I went alone every place I wanted to, I asked all kinds of questions, I scribbled endlessly in my journal, I took pictures all over—and not once was I checked or even questioned. "We do not have to check," a policeman told me in Sarajevo: "We are sure of ourselves."

THE ARTS too seem very free. At the Beograd October Salon there was not a single social-realist picture in the lot; everything was the most advanced kind of international abstract. At the ballet I saw an absolutely opaque number with dancers rolling on the floor and a Webernish score. *Twelve Angry Men* was being staged inside the Ljubljana Tribunal, and Ionesco had just succeeded Beckett on the Beograd stage. A chamber group in Sarajevo was doing Hindemith and the Zagreb Symphony was working up Roger Sessions.

In Macedonia I was wondering what language to speak to a boy in a kind of burnoose but it turned out he was carrying Dizzy Gillespie records under it. In Budva I took a long walk on the beach with a girl who knew some French but no English. We conversed by using strings of names. She would say: "Julie London," and I would say: "Perry Como." Then, suddenly, she said, with feeling: "*J'adore* Sarah Vaughn." I endeared myself to three boys in Dubrovnik by remembering, against all probability, the lyrics for *Be-Bop-a-Loola*. In an all-night cabaret in Ljubljana I watched a young man jazz the Yugoslavian national anthem.

The big hit of the year all over Yugoslavia is *Some Like It Hot*, and bits of the dialogue are fast becoming folklore. When he heard me speaking English, a waiter in Zagreb turned to me with: "You like flowers, Charlie?" and in Dubrovnik the boys are still killing each other with: "Oh, well, no one is perfect."

The satirical magazine *Jez* recently presented a toy locomotive to the Director of Transportation. The reason was that he had, for political reasons, bought a number of locomotives from Hungary only to discover that none of them worked. The leading satirical writer, Vlada Bulatovic, tells about a recent meeting when those getting 15,000 *dinars* a month and those getting only 1,500, banded together to complain to the government and ask why. The only difference was that the former did not complain.

"All right," I said to a young man with a beard in the mountain town of Bled: "But what about that?" and pointed to a picture of Marshal Tito on the wall. "I have yet to go into a room and not find him. Why is his picture all over the place — like Hitler, or Stalin?"

"He is neither Hitler nor Stalin, nor is he de Gaulle or Eisenhower, whose pictures also appear in public places. Look, no one has told us we must put him there. But the people do it. They want to. He is our George Washington. If you don't want to, you don't. I personally don't have a single picture of him. I have a Jackson Pollock reproduction in my room. But Tito is a great leader, he was a great partisan, he is a great man. He is popular. Do you know, when he returned from America he was met by a crowd of three hundred thousand? No one organized. The people just came."

"What would happen if someone drew a mustache on that picture?" I asked. "It all depends on who was around," he answered: "Some one might slap you on the back; someone else might knock you down." I asked: "What would the police do?" He answered: "What would they do in America? You would embarrass them; they would feel they had to do something."

In hotels and in *wagon-lits* I had to give up my passport. "Why?" I asked. "I have to turn in my own papers as well," said the man in the upper berth. "I don't know why—probably so you don't go without paying the bill." I said I didn't believe this; that it was for the police to check. "Perhaps," he said: "If they want to. Nowadays I doubt they do. It is a holdover from five years ago."

A reporter in Titograd said: "Of course they check. They know where you are." "They don't, they can't," I said: "Why, *I* barely know where I am." He was not reassuring: "You come from Japan. All right, the Japanese police are the best organized in the world. They know you are here; we know where you are; and believe me your police know too. That is the real one world, the police forces of the world. Wars come and go and don't even bother them. They are a club." He added: "I hate the police, no matter what country."

TALKING with film people in Ljubljana I said: "All right, I understand the structure, but how free are you? With management and workers' councils, it sounds like a perfect mass tyranny." "What is the problem?" they wanted to know: "What we want to show, the people want to see; and what they want to see, we want to show." "It sounds like a Utopia," I said, "but what I want to know is—can a director make the kind of film he wants to?" "Yes, but the script is chosen in committee." "If a director wanted to criticize, could he?" "But why would he want to?"

I told them that what I missed in Yugoslavia was any single dissident group, any group against something, against anything, against things as they are. A screen writer said: "But, no, we do not need any such group. There is so much to do in our country that it takes all of our time to do it. We don't have time to deliberately disagree." Then he added: "We don't want you to think we have no problems, we do. But our freedom is like this: we cannot, say, make propaganda

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for war because the state is against it. But we can perfectly well criticize things within our own country. But, you see, this is a young country; we are only beginning; we want to be independent and we are fighting for it. So, right now, in our literature, in our films, we are naturally still defending ourselves. Naturally, we do not attack ourselves. There are many things wrong, but these are small by comparison with what we will be able to do. We are just finding ourselves as a nation, and this is so important to all of us that we don't even think to waste our energy in attacking each other.

"Naturally nothing works perfectly," he continued: "Naturally, some committees are stupid—did you know that *Some Like It Hot,* that really enchanting film, was turned down by three committees before it was allowed in? Naturally we make mistakes all over the place, and we know it. But *that* is not what is important."

And this seems to me perfectly representative of the country and of its people. A people only recently united and surrounded by Communist countries; a people who cherish their independence and now, at least, have more of it than they ever had before.

In Beograd, in a restaurant, listening to Frank Sinatra on the phonograph, and while eating real Turkish delight, a middle-aged man at the same table told me a story which he thought representative of his country and of its people. It went like this: "You asked me what we stand for; all right, I will tell you. On the border between Bulgaria and our country is a small town and they hold a fair there and the inhabitants wander back and forth across the border. Well, one day a Yugoslav was talking about how democratic his country was and a Bulgarian heard him and said: 'How much did the Americans pay you to say that?' And our man, he said: 'They did not pay me anything. Look, here. I can say this. Damn Eisenhower! There!' The Bulgarian looked pleased. 'But,' said the Yugoslav, 'I can also say this: Damn Khrushchev! And now, let me hear *you* say that.'"

Flight to the Hebrides

The *Tourist's Day* lurched through steep, grey-haired waters:
Hundreds of passengers, heads, eyes, thousands of gulls
Sweeping the air above them, diving, rising, swaying;
They'd tear fish from the sea alive, bread from the throat —
Was that an eye plucked out? No. That was a cut of the wind,
The knife flying through air, the salt-edged, caustic spray.

Yet it was very close, a near try at almost death,
A sliding deck, the rail, not over, but against the rail —
There, across the sea, the waiting, green-streaked islands:
The great-eyed caves where waters foam and flounder,
And over them dark hills and darker skies that break
In sunburst flashed through cloud, half-rain, half-lightning:

Below decks, brass-bound stairs in smoke-closed heat,
The pale man with a drink, the port-holes shuttered.
"That was very close," a woman said, "How is your heart?"
Hand on his shoulder, "Do you need another?"
"What,
A heart or drink? Give me another drink."
"They almost
Got you, didn't they dear — that time."
"Not now, but later,
Not the damned gulls, I mean the others who look like gulls;
Above my head, they follow me in clouds. Murder makes murder,
Even if you wear gloves: blood grows in blood; it spills and stains.
You won't tell? Women always tell; they always tell; they weep."

"But you didn't do it; you mustn't say you did. Here's drink —
O drink my love to sleep! You're ill again, but you'll escape.
Here are the islands and the caves; you'll slip ashore
Into the waves and the wild Hebrides."
"No one can lift me,
Carry me from this room. Did you take the gun? If I don't
Go out, I'm safe. They can't tell a sick man to leave the ship:
Look in my eyes. They are still there: I can't get away,
Not even from you. They can't lift me from this place
To hide where I need not hide in a cave to drown —"
"But you said you would smile and slowly walk ashore."

"Not to those islands — dark, lit by a crazy sky,
Hills, water to cover me where bones float to the sand,
Not there, naked to wind, sea, sun, moon, stars, bats, fishes —
I need a room to wear — heat, fire — then they can take me
Through a locked door in a hotel in bed between the sheets
Behind *The Daily Mail, News of the World, The Times* — not God.
And now, you're crying. You'll tell, you'll tell — half-lies,
Won't leave until you see me flat and dead. That's what you want.
You're another gull, white breasts and pink-rimmed eyes,
And a heart-shaped, round-teared stare. Do you hear the gulls
Make shore, feet flying above us? Take your God-haunted, God-feared,
God-damned islands. This room is mine, and I'll sit here,
Back to the city: lights lit above the bar, deep smells,
Hope gone, you won't dare leave me. That's home: a windowed street,
A chair, a table, a bed, or night, or day — and voices.
They can take me then. One step at a time. In a room
At night, cars parked. You can hear them. *They!*

HORACE GREGORY

ARCHITECTURE

Walter McQuade

CITY DWELLERS learn ways to find a momentary measure of peace or release in their congested environment. One is by stepping into a large, dignified room, a serene space. Another is by knocking down bowling pins with a bowling ball. Last week the city authorities in New York earned a certain amount of professional release themselves by knocking down the plan to reduce the lofty ceiling of the waiting room at the Grand Central Station and to install bowling alleys. It was a miserable scheme.

But the issue still promises to get really mean. The promoters who rented this air from The New York Central and The New York, New Haven and Hartford have indicated rather clearly that, if they can't have bowling alleys, they

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will find something else to put there above the low ceiling — something that won't require a variance from the building code. There are, of course, plenty of things that could produce revenue in that large, rentable space, but perhaps the railroads should move their public relations departments into it. They will need ever-expanding ones, I should think, if they continue reaching constantly to the government for public support of their waning railroad operation, on the one hand, and sticking their fingers into the public eye, on the other.

ANOTHER New York architectural subject generating discouragement is the vacuum of the New York World's Fair for 1964. As time passes, the possibility of any coherent, constructive, over-all idea for the fair seems to be evaporating.

For a time, there existed a board of eminent designers to help Fair Boss Robert Moses arrive at an over-all concept which would encourage something better than the usual promotional midway *mélange* — the kind of eye-shrieking, incidentally, with which advertisers are filling both Grand Central and placid old Penn Station. Architect Wallace K. Harrison was chairman of the Fair design group, which included also Gordon Bunshaft, Edward Stone, industrial designer Henry Dreyfuss and engineer Emil Praeger.

These are not men to give up easily, but they have folded their blueprints and left quietly. There is no longer a board of design. Nor is there a design—just a set of building limitations. Mr. Harrison is still on the 100-man board of directors for the Fair, the only architect, and most probably he is still holding out in a disconsolate way for a decent scheme. But if he is having any success in persuading the Great Public Servant in charge there has been no indication of it in the data released to date.

NEW YORKERS have one cause to begin the New Year bright, however. A very good new building is now among them: architect I. M. Pei's first slab for William Zeckendorf's Kips Bay Plaza project (30-33 Streets, between First and Second Avenues).

Like most other new buildings in Manhattan, it is a great big slice of rentable space — apartments this time, not offices — and, personally, I would not be eager to live in anything quite so large. But this time the slab has been designed with real feeling, with delicacy, tact and reassuring strength. It is fine but not slick. Built under the 1949 Housing Act, with federal assistance, its construction costs are not particularly high (although its "middle-income" rentals make me wonder, as usual, if they are not for middle-income counterfeiters), but it is rich in its effect.

Both the economy and the effect came about because Pei and his associates chose to build in concrete, and spent a great deal of time restudying this old material. Originally they had planned to precast most of the members: i.e., pour them into molds in a factory, where setting conditions could be ideal. The surfaces could thus be perfected against the ravages of the weather. The trouble with exposed concrete is that if it is not well finished, water gets into it, freezes, and cracks the surface. That is why most of the reinforced concrete buildings in New York are dressed with brick veneer. The wall of the Guggenheim Museum isn't, and trouble is expected.

But shipping this heavy cargo through Manhattan proved impractical; so Pei and the contractor set up formwork on the spot, and supervised the work closely. The fact that the concrete of Kips Bay will stand naked and unafraid is a tribute to the conscientiousness of the designers. Good concrete is a handsome material; it is a pleasure to see it allowed to look like concrete.

Here it does so not only in color and texture, but in another way. The frame has a discreet fluidity. Where horizontals and verticals come together the connection is rounded slightly for stiffening, and lines are etched into the concrete to take up the inevitable minor cracking, localizing it and making it harmless, an anticipated part of the design. Another problem in pouring first-class concrete is hiding the joint where you stop at the end of a working day. Horizontal lines cut into Pei's framing take care of that just as clearly as if the members had been shop-cast and clamped together on the job.

But the design goes beyond being just a deft diagram of the qualities of the material. Like so many city buildings, the actual walls of this one are almost all glass, but this time the glass is deliberately set back into the structure so that the building is not flat-faced, but has depth to its façades. As a result there will be some shadowing, which will help a little to counter the glare and heat problems of summer — although I doubt it will help enough on the south side. (The building is air-conditioned, but who yet has air-conditioned summer sunlight?)

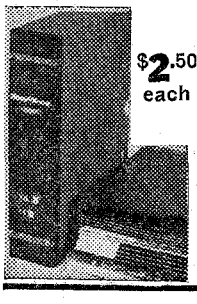
Finally, the glory of this big rectangular honeycomb of similar spaces is the beautiful proportioning between column widths and intervening window walls, between heights and widths and thicknesses. There is no technology to explain the nice balance here, just visual talent. This is a building which will gather respect and affection through the years. Too many of our better buildings in Manhattan end up a little belligerent to the eye, braggarts, but not this one. This is architecture with real presence.

ART

Fairfield Porter

AN EXHIBITION of Giorgio Morandi closed at World House January 14. More than any contemporary Italian painter's, his work has a quiet commanding authority. It is as though Cézanne had mellowed into a simplified serenity. There are two themes: in one, soft grayish bottles and leathery boxes cluster in the center of the tiny canvas; in the other, boxy Italian houses stand in olive groves, by the sea, under cliffs. No human face appears. Cézanne looked for the "motif" as a vehicle to express his "little sensation." Morandi's motif is not elaborated, but presented in abstract nakedness. It expresses idea rather than sensation. The color is subdued and clear.

The New York school paintings that are without any natural image, with no "motif" of landscape or still life, nevertheless have the variety of the sensible world. It is almost "photographic." Morandi's variety is intellectual. What he has seen in the fields or on the kitchen table illustrates the



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theory that what is most truly known, is not known by the senses, but by the mind. The various boxes in a Morandi still life were constructed before they were experienced. They differ from one another like the cases in the declension of a Latin noun. The cover of one box is partly open, another has a label (without printing), a third is plain and closed; and also in the cluster, as if to show a range of container shapes, there is a carafe and a custard cup. If one of the containers has a handle, Morandi maintains the unity of the cluster against its surroundings by painting the hole darker than the background. Roses in a vase fit together like porcelain. Landscapes are verbal conjugations, and the most interesting, like irregular verbs, have some unique, odd and unrepeated element. His containers and boxes are soft, his olive trees have no prickly branches, there is no crispness of tactility, or hardly any difference between textures: the order is the order of the mind.

Part of the quietness of his paintings seems to come from his having thought about the question of the least number of things in a class necessary for a sample of diversity. If you count the members of a class, I would guess that there are always less than six of a kind; and unique things have unique shapes.

A medieval view of the world seems to underlie these austerely lyrical paintings—a view that assumes that the intellectual is more certain than the sensible, that the form and logic of an inflected language corresponds to objective reality, and that an effect is part of a whole that caused it to exist. Morandi's particular paintings seem to give precedence to the ultimate reality of which they are particular effects. They are remote from the facts of journalism and personality, and have a limited logic, the logic of the few, a contentment with a little quite contrary to contemporary restlessness.

ALSO contrary to contemporary restlessness are the paintings of Nicholas Vasillief, at the Heller Gallery. But Vasillief asserts the biological values of the country instead of the spiritual values of solitude, and his method is comedy.

Vasillief's father was the proprietor of an unheated third-class restaurant in Moscow, patronized by priests, nuns, jugglers and coachmen. His art teacher was Leonid Pasternak, the father of the poet. After serving in the First World War, Vasillief became professor of art in the Moscow Academy, where he had been a pupil. In 1921 he emigrated to America. His paintings, like the work of an icon artist who studied in the atelier of Matisse, have a juicy richness of color attained by no other contemporary. He has a range of glowing off-blacks, a variety of exact pinks, a rich orange tan, and a green as green should be, but never quite is, in nature—a green of dark, moist growth, like the most delicate, fresh-from-the-garden spinach.

His pink-cheeked, pig-eyed women, wearing fancy hats, are countrywomen dressed in their store clothes. His thick-walled, junky interiors are stuffed with cheerful Victorian luxury. The furniture and vases are like peasants dressed up for the city; and all the finery fails to conceal bursting, healthy contours. The crockery has more personality than the human beings: a princely pitcher, a black teapot dominating the table with maternal efficiency, coarse country lace and gilt curlicues, a tile pattern of the floor that depends on the table edge rather than supporting it. The table is seen from above in isometric plan, or even in reverse perspective, the vases in profile, to bring out their character. The fruits, flowers and vegetables, though they have no precise botanical classification, do have strong specific individuality: vitality counts above race or species. And though the flowers, fruits and vegetables all look exotic, you know that where they come from, they are as common as turnips. But his white is unconvincing. He fusses with its texture, he draws with it. Perhaps it is because white is not vegetable enough: it is too citified, and it is the color of the spirit.

The humor of the paintings consists in showing that fine manners and sophistication cannot hide an essential health, a cheerful stupidity. The country is bigger than the city. The juice of the vegetable animates the fragility of the flower. But though his paintings objectively show that art cannot conceal nature, and that biology supports artificiality, still, subjectively, they reveal just the opposite. The apparent primitive crudity of his drawing is only superficial: it cannot hide the sophistication of the form, and that the jewelry of his sequences is strung on a thread of invention.

Geography Lesson

The rain in Spain
falls mainly on
the plain.
(The rich
have German umbrellas.)

H. J. Barr

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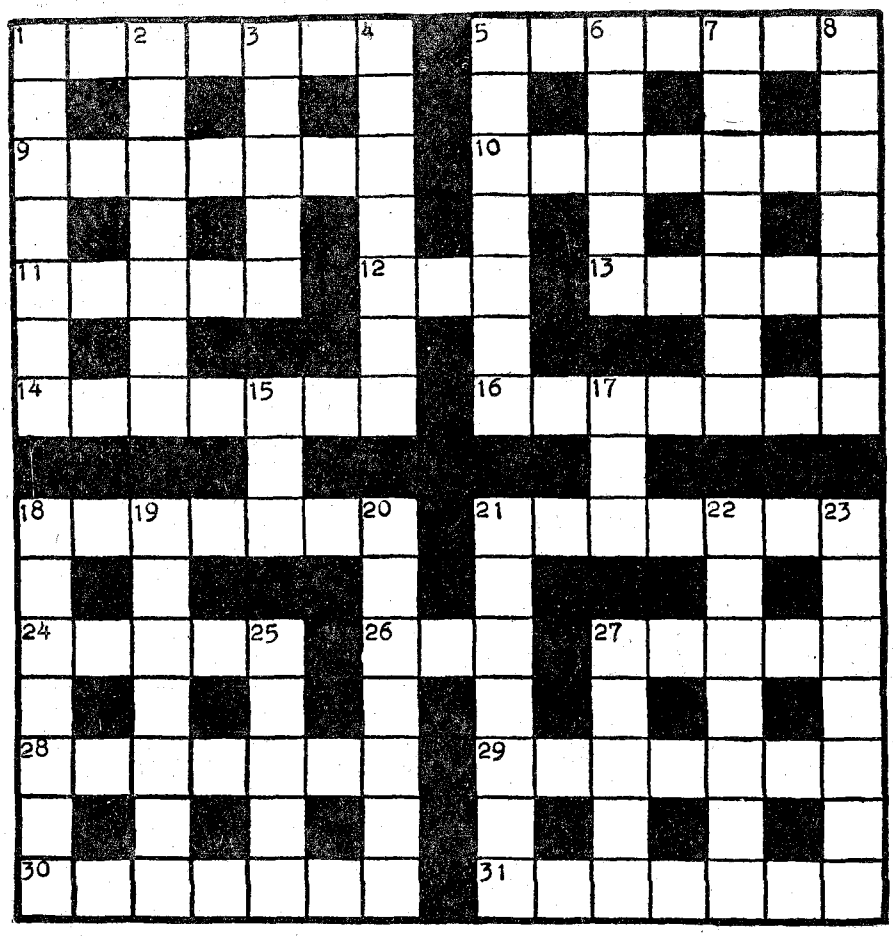
Crossword Puzzle No. 899

By FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

1 What happened when the sailor was wounded and taken inside too quickly? (7)
5 Support to a private school? Such things shouldn't prove a later expense. (7)
9 A frenzied stomp inside is considered taxing, perhaps! (7)
10 On which at least one cereal is found exploded from guns. (The uninformed may be out of it.) (7)
11 and 13 They may take an unusual interest in their work. (4, 6)
12 and 17 down Save things to stick on the table! (6)
14 Pass on an effort about a form conconcerned with food. (7)
16 Is their work detailing men who don't make a habit of free-loading? 18 A way to put off exhaust around us? (7)
21, 24 and 6 down Evidently the sailor who belongs to the land is best! (3, 4, 2, 3, 5)
26 Good to eat, if a sort of lion's head.
27 A near thing for the gladiator and the lion! (5)
29 Nancy Mitford's caste symbol might also be associated with this. (7)
30 Anger which never seems to have a low form. (7)
31 Inarticulate sound, spoken with reference to blood, choler, phlegm or bile. (7)

DOWN:

1 Questioned as cheese might be? (7)
2 Is this pin able to fly? (7)
3 What makes shoes and sticks? (5)
4 You might be able to get your toes dry this way, and do away with something. (7)
5 and 28 across The button on the stop-watch has to be in a hurry. (7, 3, 4)
7 Theresa might make a few bows! (3, 4)
8 Doesn't feel for something. (7)
15 Yes, always half the size of a lemur! (3)
18 What Goldsmith's fools might have done, if they hadn't remained to pray. (7)
19 You might get this all sewn up! (7)
20 Rescind this, and get discriminate.
21 Finished from one end to the other.
22 Where the artist might be caught in a desperate lie, reputedly. (7)
23 Entangle. (7)
25 E.g., Philip Nolan. (5)
27 Evidently spread all over Middlesex. (5)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 898

ACROSS: 1 Letter of credit; 9 Mounted; 10 Because; 11 Assonance; 12 Minim; 13 Descend; 15 Asunder; 16 Pinhole; 18 Spigots; 20 Plied; 21 Situation; 23 Avowals; 24 Episode; 25 Give up the Ghost. DOWN: 1 Lombardy poplar; 2 Trusses; 3 Entente cordiale; 4 Olden; 5 Cable cars; 6 Excommunicating; 7 Inurned; 8 Reimprisonment; 14 Dresses up; 17 Nairobi; 19 Orinoco; 22 Teeth.

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